Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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The Maine Farmer.

N. T. TRUE, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors,

Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man.

Fermented vs. Unfermented Manures.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Much time and labor are lost for the want of knowing the value of and methods of applying fertilizers. Prof. Cook, in a lecture on manures, used these words: "No manure is valuable unless in a state of decay." Now the information I desire is this: Is manure worth most in a green state, or after it is kept over one year and is what we call, old manure. Almost every farmer that I know of hauls out his green manure that has been made in the winter, drops it in heaps, and spreads it broadcast on the ground, and then harrows it in, not half of it in fact being covered. Now what I wish to know, and what every one ought to know is, when is the manure worth the most—in the green or raw state? I have never been satisfied to use manure in a green state.

Cornville. SEWARD MITCHELL.

There is upon this matter, as upon all others, a great diversity of opinion, not only among men well informed in regard to the chemistry of manures, but among practical farmers. Our own belief is that manures need to undergo the process of fermentation or decomposition before being applied to the land in any form or for any crop. But let us examine this matter a little further.

Manures may be said to consist of three portions: 1st, the carbonaceous matter which forms the chief bulk of every manure heap; 2d, the inorganic plant food found in the straw and in the food of animals and consisting of phosphoric acid, lime, potash, soda, magnesia, soluble silica, &c., and 3d, the nitrogeneous matter. The first came originally from the atmosphere, and is not as valuable as the remaining portions. The second cannot evaporate, but if the manure is left exposed to the rain and is thoroughly washed it will be found of little value as plant food. The third is an element of great value, and though it exists in plants in but very small proportions, it seems essential to their growth. Hence it is regarded as a very important substance in manures, but as chemistry seems to have settled the fact that plants do not appropriate it in its uncombined form but in the form of ammonia, which is found in the manure heap during the process of fermentation, but not before that action takes place, it would seem most reasonable that the manure should undergo the process of fermentation and consequent formation of ammonia before being applied to the land. Certainly this would appear if we wish to make the nitrogen—which all concede to be an element of so great value—of the manures available as food for plants.

The excrements of all animals contain nitrogenous substances, and when perfectly fresh and from healthy animals, but little ready formed ammonia. Now, scientific investigation has shown that these nitrogenous constituents are rendered soluble by the process of fermentation. Dr. Vocleker, chemist to the R. A. Society of England, has asserted that simultaneously with the formation of ammonia which always proceeds when organic substances containing nitrogen enter into putrefaction, under ordinary circumstances, hulmic, humic and similar organic acids are produced, which on account of their great affinity for ammonia, lay hold of any free ammonia generated from excrementatious matters and effectually fix or retain it, provided the temperature of the heap is kept down sufficiently low:—that when from the generation of excessive heat in the interior of the manure hesp, ammonia is set free, it does not escape into the air, but is arrested and retained by the superincumbent layers of cold straw or litter, which contain large quantities of the humus acid:—that the fermentation of the dung heap brings a portion of the phosphates contained in the manure into a soluble state:—that the drainings from manure heaps *in an advanced state of decomposition*, contain nearly all their nitrogen in the form of ammoniacal salts, while the drainings from *fresh dung* contain the larger portions of this element, (nitrogen not ammonia,) in the form of soluble organic substance, and that during the active fermentation of dung, the constituents of farm yard manure are rendered more and more soluble, hence up to a certain point of fermentation, the amount of soluble organic matter increases in manures.

Now looking at the above assertions of one of the most eminent and reliable agricultural chemists of the day, from a practical point of view, what conclusions would naturally be inferred that would be of use to the farmer? We think the following are among them, and are worthy of attention:

1. It is necessary that farm manure, that from horses and neat cattle, which is generally unevenly mixed with straw and other litter, should remain in a mass, in order that its parts and components can ferment to the best advantage, and thus become enabled to develop its full complement of ammonia, and other valuable constituents, and place it in other respects in the most complete and favorable condition as a fertilizing agent.

2. Fermentation will take place but imperfectly, if indeed it will at all, in fresh or raw manure after it has been spread upon the surface as a top dressing, or when plowed under. In either mode of application, the manure coming in contact with the cool earth, and with the low temperature, in most cases, and the want of contact in mass, the degree of fermentation proper to develop its fertilizing qualities will be retarded by the above causes.

3. We all know that the soil will absorb free ammonia and its salts after they are formed, but it is a question of some interest as to what will become of these unfermented nitrogenous substances which are found in new manure after it has been mixed with the soil when in a green state. They will not ferment to produce ammonia and other valuable combinations which take place in a well managed manure heap, unless under the most favorable circumstances, and will not these unfermented matters known to be soluble, be apt to be washed away and lost to the soil, to a somewhat extensive amount, before they can assume that condition most available to the plant? It is no uncommon sight to see, during a dry season, numerous lumps of unfermented and undecomposed manure remaining upon the surface of a grain field after harvest, which have been lying there for a whole year.

4. The statement of Dr. Vocleker, given above, to the effect that the drainings from unfermentad manures contain a large portion of their nitrogen in the form of organic substances, renders it quite clear that these drainings, not containing ammonia already formed, and not being absorbed and fixed by the soil as ammonia is, are for the chief part washed away and lost to the crop as well as to the soil.

We have written upon this matter to greater length than at first intended, but hope what has been said will be of some service to our querist and readers generally. We will only add that, from the above and other considerations, as well as from our own experience with manures, we believe that much loss must take place from the use of unfermented manures, and that yard and stable manures that have been allowed to ferment in piles—if the heaps are properly constructed and kept moist, and at the same time covered with trew or loam—are in a condition to act most quickly, are best retained by the soil, and are in consequence more direct and permanent in their results than green or unfermented manures.

Commissioner of Agriculture.

The mention we made concerning the appointment of Hon. Horace Capron of Illinois, as Commissioner of Agriculture, in number one of our present volume, has drawn from a gentleman of Montgomery county, Md., a reply of some length, reviewing the qualifications of Mr. Capron for the position, and giving his past record as a leading agriculturist, not only in Maryland, but in Illinois and Wisconsin. It was by no means our intention to again open the controversy in regard to this Department, as no one, more than we, sincerely wish it all possible success, and as the publication of this letter would only prolong this argument, we withhold it, at least for the present. In the news columns of our last week's issue, is an interesting letter about the Department from our correspondent "Glaucus," which we hope none of our readers will overlook. These words from that letter are full of force, and contain the most correct idea of the mission and uses of the Department, we have seen put upon paper:—"The only way to vitalize the scheme (re-organization of the Department), is to go further and make this the heart of a *system*, to which currents will tend and from which radiate by means of communication to be provided between it and the societies of the different States; so that the means of information collected here shall not lie dead and cistern-like, to be poked about in now and then by the curious—but a continually flowing, living stream, restoring to its several branches greater wealth than each confers."

An Illinois correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* of 19th inst says: "Col. Horace Capron, is a native of Maryland, I believe, but had been, previous to the war identified with the agricultural interest of Illinois. For many years he resided and had Devons in McHenry county, and his herd was beyond all comparison the finest in the West, if not in the country. From McHenry county, about ten years since, he removed to Peoria County, taking his herd, where it now is. Col. Capron served with distinction as a colonel of cavalry during the war. He is a man of address and education, and we may expect the management of the Department of Agriculture, under his administration, to command the confidence and respect of the agricultural community."

We offer here, a paragraph from the *Turf, Field and Farm*, that was in type when the letter of our correspondent alluded to above was received:

"We congratulate the farming interest upon the nomination and confirmation of Colonel Horace Capron as Commissioner of Agriculture. Of all the applicants for the office—and we believe their name is legion—he is, excepting the Hon. John H. Klippart of Ohio, we think by his antecedents, best fitted for the post; he is beyond a doubt "the right man in the right place." In the management of the large interest of the Laurel Factory, he displayed great administrative ability. His contributions to the agricultural press have always been noted for clearness of expression and practical value. Thousands of our readers have admired, as they traveled between Baltimore and Washington, the wonderful transformation of the worn-out, galled and gullied lands around Laurel, into fertile fields and meadows, yielding in favorable years, three tons of hay, thirty bushels of wheat, and ten barrels of corn to the acre. This transformation was due to the practical agricultural skill of our present Commissioner.

A Word to Correspondents.

One of our subscribers at Etna forwards us a somewhat lengthy communication in reply to an article that appeared in the first number of our present volume written by W. H. H. Pitcher & Son, to many statements of which exceptions are taken. Although the request is made for its publication, we feel compelled to decline it, not because we are unwilling our correspondent should have the privilege of appearing in our columns as well as the Messrs. Pitcher, but for the reason that his article would do no one any good, and we are also sure were the writer to read it over again very carefully he would be unwilling to have it made public over his own name. His neighbors the Messrs. Pitcher, have it seems recently removed from the city and commenced farming, and if they have some notions that may seem to their country neighbors to be rather elevated, we feel quite sure they will appear less so as the acquaintance between them becomes more fully developed, and as each learns to recognize in the other, as we doubt not they will, much that is commendable and worthy of imitation. We fail to find in the article to which allusion has been made, any statement that none but the most sensitive could be offended with, and think the writers evince an honest determination to help forward the cause of improved farming in their locality, with a spirit that is truly praiseworthy. We suggest that our correspondent unite with them in performing this task, and are sure he will in after years thank us for the suggestion. We give a single paragraph from the least personal portion of the communication, as it serves to right a statement made in the article in our previous issue:

"We do not like to have our community misrepresented, or to be styled 'shingle-splitters,' when there has been nothing of the kind carried on in this vicinity for the past twenty years. Although our roadside improvements have not been so extensive as we would wish, yet it is not lack of energy that these improvements have not been made. Ours is a new county, and like all other new beginners, we have not the time nor the capital to spend on such improvements as yet, but we can show some farms in this place that look well and show a prosperous future."

We wish to say in this connection, that while we endeavor to exercise the utmost vigilance over our columns, allowing nothing personal—except in the way of fair and candid argument—to be made public, still we do not hold ourselves responsible for their statements, nor endorse the views they may put forth.

Lectures for Farmers.

One of our local papers, in alluding to an article that recently appeared in the FARMER urging the importance of a series of winter lectures followed by informal discussions, says: "We second the suggestion of the FARMER that a series of agricultural lectures be delivered to the farmers throughout the State during the coming winter. If the right kind of men could be obtained for the purpose there could be no better method of reaching and enlightening the farmers as a class. We are not sure but the members of the Board of Agriculture could be better employed in lecturing throughout their respective counties than by sitting in deliberative session. Let us hear more upon this matter." It is with the hope of calling further attention to this subject that we publish in another column an article from the pen of W. C. Flagg, Secretary of the Illinois Industrial University, proposing such a course of lectures in that State, and suggesting an outline of a one and two weeks' course. Let the thing be thought about and written about by our readers and see if some good will not come of it.

The Orono Potato.

Mr. J. J. H. Gregory, in the *Country Gentleman* of Dec. 26th, writing in reference to the Orono and Jackson varieties of potato, says positively, they are "one and the same thing." Now Mr. Gregory is certainly in error, as they are distinct varieties, although bearing a strong resemblance to each other. The former originated in Orono, near Bangor, and the latter in the town of Jackson in Waldo county.

Making Mutton in Winter.

The practice of fattening mutton in winter is not general with our farmers, but we believe it might be entered into to a somewhat greater extent, and with a reasonable expectation of its becoming a paying operation. Old sheep, wethers and barren ewes, can be fed to make very nice mutton, and we know of farmers now engaged in fattening them, by feeding one pint of barley meal—about one pound—mixed with a quart of boiled potatoes, the whole completely mashed together. To those engaged in fattening sheep for the market, or indeed to all having the care of farm stock, especially flocks, the following hints from the practical pen of S. Edwards Todd, author of the "Young Farmer's Manual"—a new edition of which, in two volumes has just been issued— will be of value:

"Comfortable quarters and a quiet place are always essntial to fattening animals of any kind. No animal will fatten satisfactorily when it is compelled to lie or stand shivering in the cold. Taking the hint from these facts, it is easy to understand the conditions requisite to make mutton in the winter. In the first place, provide a comfortable shelter, and construct the shed so that the sheep can go in and out at pleasure. It is better to make an entrance on the leeward side of buildings where cold winds prevail. Then make racks and feeding troughs, so that the fodder cannot be trodden under foot. Immense quantities of feed are wasted annually by feeding animals on the ground, instead of putting the feed in suitable racks or troughs. Keep the apartment well littered, either with straw, sawdust, or dry tan bark. Clean straw is best. Chaff is objectionable, as the beards are liable to work into the wool. Let the fattening sheep be supplied with a variety of feed daily. If they get a feeding of hay in the morning, let them have hay at night; and keep the racks filled with straw during the day. Feed every flock regularly. Let them have access to pure water and salt. When the sheep are comto eat snow, they are liable to have the colic. Feed each sheep one pound of meal and one pound of turnips per day, and they will soon make excellent mutton."

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Thoughts about Farming and Farm Life---No. 2.

SYSTEMATIC FARMING.

What is systematic farming? Who has a thorough understanding of the subject, and on what one farm in Maine can it be seen practically illustrated?

This is treating it in its high and best expression; for in a low sense, there is not a farmer in the land, however dull or shiftless, but has a system, or some way peculiar to his practice, by which he conducts his agricultural operations. Such a farmer may have a system of dilapidated farm buildings, of poor, half-starved stock, of tumble-down fences, of neglected orchards and run-out mowing lands. He has his way of doing things, from year to year; and it is his system of farming, however unprofitable it may be.

Systematic farming is on a graduated scale, extending from that kind of rural mismanagement which is a shame to a man of even limited ideas of neatness and thrift, up to that intelligent, methodic and remunerative system of husbandry in its several features, which we can talk about, but which is rarely accomplished.

Properly speaking, systematic farming is the best kind of practice possible in any department of the farmer's business. We should not hesitate to say that it is high farming, book farming, scientific farming, progressive farming. This method of agriculture rests upon a basis of intelligence, knowledge, experience. In addition to muscle, it demands mind that has been instructed, cultivated and trained in the direction of farming.

Occasionally a wealthy merchant, or lawyer from the city, will move into the country and undertake farming. He erects costly and elegant buildings, purchases high-bred cattle and horses and sheep. He has money and taste, and can do some things well; but it is almost certain he will not become a systematic farmer. He knows how to spend money; but he does not know how to farm. The best method of farming cannot be bought with coin even; but it requires the imperative price of special and thorough education. It laughs at the idea that anybody, who is taken with the fever for "country life," can at once become a systematic farmer.

And with those who were reared on farms, and have spent their lives thus far in farm work, but were not educated generously in the science as well as art of farming, it will be in vain to look for examples of the best practice. Such persons may succeed quite well in getting a living on a farm. Their industry, good sense and economy insure a measure of success, and entitle them to much credit. Every intelligent farmer, however, will bear testimony that there is no occupation of man that demands more good judgment, sound and comprehensive education, and special preparation, than his; and no business gives stronger evidence of advancement, as a result of improved and enlarged thought, than farming.

More knowledge, and a higher degree of skill are requisite for what may be called systematic farming, in which the selection, raising and fattening of stock, the management of the dairy, the planting, grafting and culture of orchards, the succession of crops, the handling of the soil, the manufacture and use of manures, underdraining, and the keeping accounts correct with individual animals, with fields under cultivation, and a journal of every transaction on the farm, all shall be conducted with intelligent method, or in accordance with established principles of science.

It is time to wake up fully to the importance of this subject, and the use of those means which may be expected to promote agricultural education in our State, and a higher, better system of farm management.

W. A. P. D.

For the Maine Farmer.

Androscoggin Agricultural Society.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Your correspondent "O. H. L.," in your issue of Dec. 19, in speaking of cattle shows in general, makes the statement that the Androscoggin Society has "gone down," as he pleases to term it, and conveys the idea that it has become extinct. It is well for one who wishes to convey information to the public through the newspapers, first to know something himself about what he is writing, and secondly to state things as they are. The facts of the case are these:

The Society several years ago purchased a tract of land, fenced it, graded a track, and erected an exhibition hall. When they were ready to hold an exhibition, they found themselves in debt eight thousand dollars. Since that time they have been vainly endeavoring to pay up their indebtedness; but of late it had become apparent that it was a fruitless effort. All the society could do, with the strictest economy, was to pay the interest, and the necessary expenses of the annual show. Money that should have gone for liberal premiums, to encourage exhibitors, went to pay the interest on the debt. "What shall we do?" has been the question discussed at the annual meeting for three years. At last it was decided to give up the land. The idea of giving up the County Show has never been thought of. There are many wide-awake, earnest farmers and mechanics connected with this society, who have given liberally of their time and money for the promotion of the cause of agriculture, who do not intend by any means to have the society "go down;" and "O. H. L." can next fall have the privilege of paying one dollar, and becoming a member of the society, with the privilege of competing for premiums, and going in and out of the exhibition when he pleases without being troubled by the fifteen-cent arrangement as he was "when he went to the Cattle Show" before.

ANDROSCOGGIN.

December 21st.

For the Maine Farmer.

Lincoln County Agricultural Society.

At the annual meeting of the Lincoln County Agricultural Society, held at Waldoboro, on Wednesday, Dec. 18th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Thomas Simmons, of Waldoboro.

Vice Presidents—Hiram W. Partridge, Jefferson; Lyman H. Winslow, Noblebore; Isaac H. Coffin, Wiscasset; William Kenniston, Boothbay; George W. Tukey, Newcastle.

Trustees—Isaac Reed, Waldoboro; Myric L. Weeks, Jefferson; Daniel Hopkins, Newcastle.

Secretary—William S. Brown, Waldoboro.

Treasurer—John Bodge, Jefferson.

Member of the Board of Agriculture, William S. Brown, Waldoboro. W. S. BROWN, Sec.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Agricultural Lectures.

I ask leave to submit to the Committee on Course of Study and Faculty, the propriety of reporting to the Board of Trustees of the Illinois Industrial University in favor of an annual course of lectures or "talks" and discussions upon agricultural topics to be delivered by practical men to practical men with the aim to supply information which can be made immediately useful to the large class of adults who have engaged in the practical work of farming without any special education therefor.

Among the many reasons that might be in favor of such are the following:

1. It "breaks ground" at the best point. The people of the State look to this institution for something of more practical value in its immediate application to every day affairs than other institutions have been in the habit of furnishing. A course of lectures of this kind will show them that we are endeavoring to supply that want and gain their good will to educational schemes of less obvious though not less real utility.

2. Such a course will give a start in self education to a large class who cannot or will not attend the longer courses. The young or the middle-aged man who can spend a week or two in the discussion of topics relating to his every day business will go home with material for thought and theories for better practice that will last him for years. It will have a tendency also to draw persons into the longer courses and to make them anxious that their relatives and friends should avail themselves of the advantages of this institution. In short, such a course will create a better appreciation of industrial education.

3. Such a course is also directly valuable as a means of education; while it is somewhat superficial it has a value from coming into immediate contact with the facts, practices and economies of every day experience, that can hardly be overrated. This is well expressed in the words of the lamented Prof. John A. Porter, in the *New Englander* for November, 1859: "The solution which we propose is the enlistment of practical men, who are not professional teachers, in the work of instruction, and their combinations in such numbers, that a small contribution of time and labor from each shall make a superficial aggregate to meet the object in view. The special necessity for such a system in the case of the pursuit we are considering, grows out of the fact that there is much in agriculture which has not as yet taken the form of science and can only be acquired from practical men."

4. Such courses would be of value to the faculty of the University in bringing those into contact with the classes whose needs and deficiencies they wish to supply and thus giving them a more correct idea of practical education and the drift of things outside the academic walls. Teachers need this, all teachers in an Industrial University.

There is, to be sure, no novelty in a course of this kind. The Yale Agricultural Lectures of 1860 covered successfully precisely the same ground, although a first attempt was continued for four weeks and attended by such men as Johnson, Fitch, Eaton, Wilder, Allen, Flint, Clay, Quincy, Mitchell. Our Horticultural, Dairymen's and Wool-Growers' Associations in this State in their annual and other meetings for discussion of the best practical methods, tools, varieties, &c., in their several pursuits, have prepared the way for an undertaking like this.

I propose, therefore, that we report in favor of a short course of only one week's duration in January, 1868, at Champaign, to be extended in subsequent years to two, three or four weeks, as may be found best. I propose that there be a morning, afternoon and evening lecture or informal talk by some person prominent in some one branch of husbandry and that each lecture be followed by a discussion on the general topic by the audience, in which the views of the speaker may be questioned and criticised.

SCHEME FOR ONE WEEK,—JANUARY, 1868.

TUESDAY—A M. Introductory Address. P. M., Grasses, Pastures, Meadows, Hay-Making. Evening, Corn-planting, Culture, etc.

WEDNESDAY—A. M., Wheat—Sowing, Harvesting, Varieties, etc. P. M., Oats, Barley and Rye. Evening, Root crops, Potatoes, Beets,, etc.

THURSDAY—A. M., Cattle. P. M., Horses. Evening, Sheep and Swine.

FRIDAY—A. M., Fruit Culture. P. M., Hedges and Timber Trees. Evening, Rural Economy.

SCHEME FOR TWO WEEKS—JANUARY 1868.

TUESDAY—A. M., Introductory Address. P. M., Soils of the State. Evening, Manures.

WEDNESDAY—A. M., Pastures. P. M., Meadows. Evening, Corn.

THURSDAY—A. M., Wheat, P. M., Oats. Evening, Rye, Barley, &c.

FRIDAY—A. M., Potatoes. P. M., Beets, Carrots and Turnips. Evening, Beans and Peas.

TUESDAY—A. M., Cattle Breeds and Breeding. P. M., Cattle Fattening and Shipping. Evening, Butter and Cheese making.

WEDNESDAY—A. M., Horses. P. M., Sheep. Evening, Swine.

THURSDAY—A. M., Orchard Fruits. P. M., Small Fruits. Evening, Grapes.

FRIDAY—A. M., Fencing and Hedges. P. M., Farm Implements. Evening, Rural Economy.—*W. C. F. in Prairie Farmer.*

An Old Farmer's Slate.

How many farm matters are forgotten that should be attended to in the proper time! The memory is called upon to retain every little item of labor, and with the multiplicity of "odds and ends" about the farm, it is not singular that some should be forgotten, and the work left undone. How much time would be economized, and how great, too, would be the saving of money, were farmers to imitate the example of the old farmer, who kept a slate for jotting down every thing which required attention. From the *Rural New Yorker* we have an account of the good use to which a systematic old gentleman put his slate. Let every farmer be assured it will be well for him to do the same:

"Writing about improvements reminds me that a farmer does not always think of what is needful and may be done when leisure times occur, and it recalls to my mind the practice of a large and successful farmer, who at his death left his affairs in a prosperous condition, and his premises in complete order. His neighbors often wondered at the ease with which he conducted his operations; he never hurried, but the right thing was always done at the right time and his work never lagged. Much of the improvement he made was in odd spells when the routine of regular farm work was broken by rainy weather, or after finishing the work on a crop, and while waiting for another to get to the proper stage. He kept a large slate hanging in the kitchen where all his workmen could see it, and whenever a job occurred to him it was noted on the slate. For instance, some of his entries ran thus: 'Make a gate for the brook lot;' 'Clean out the open ditch in the wheat field;' 'Lay a new floor on the scaffold over the barn floor;' 'Bury the large stone in the middle lot;' 'Get some white-wood trees to mill for making garden fence pickets;' 'Plant shade trees along the roadside;' 'Dig the alders out of the fence corners and look after the wild mustard that came up where the threshing machine stood in the field last year.' In this way his slate was filled, and if a leisure half-day occurred, his men had plenty of work; and if the master happened to be absent, the slate told the workmen what to do. After a time it was his custom to lay out the day's work on the slate each evening previous, and when a job was finished the record was erased. To get the slate clean was the ambition of the workmen."

Preservation of Empty Combs.

New, clean, and straight empty combs are of great importance and value in bee-culture, where moveable frames are used, and should be carefully secured from the attacks of vermin and insects. Mice and the bacan bettle, (*Dermestes lardarious*) though not wont to devour them, are yet prone to gnaw and damage them. The most formidable enemy against which we have to guard is the larva of the wax moth. If once in possession of a comb, these nauseous worms multiply rapidly, and subsisting on the wax, soon reduce the whole to a filthy mass of web-entangled excrement. Coombs which have never contained brood and are free from pollen or bee-bread, are not so liable to be attacked by the wax-worm, as brood comb long used and stored with pollen.

Empty combs should be suspended separately in an airy upper chamber, and frequently inspected. A mere glance usually suffices to detect the presence of larvæ in the combs, and if taken in hand immediately the grubs may easily be removed without injury to the comb by inserting a splinter of wood in the cell infested, twirling it around a few times, and then withdrawing it with the worm and its web. Repeated examination, however, is necessary, because the cells may contain eggs, which do not all hatch simultaneously, but disclose from time to time, as the state of the atmosphere around is more or less propitious. The most effectual preventive is to suspend the combs in a tight box, and exposing them there to the fumes of brimstone. They should be well aired again before given to the bees.—*American Bee Journal.*

Oat Hay.

I have just read an article in your last issue which I think tells only a part of the truth on the subject. I do not claim to know all of the truth, and propose only to give my experience. Since 1838, the most of my time has been spent upon a farm in Genesee county, State of New York, and I do not claim perfection in the art or science of farming. Still by experiments, observation and reading, I had some opportunity to know some of the secrets of farming. My business of grain and stock raising necessarily and naturally led me to examine the value of feed for stock, its real and its relative value. I have been surprised as well as amused to see how farmers will hold on to the ways of their fathers when their theory on many subjects connected with farming exploded long ago. But I will confine myself to the subject contemplated at the beginning, viz., "oat hay." I think the question is not, "is the oat straw of unripe oats more nutritious than the straw of nearly ripe grain." But the question is, "What is the relative value of oat straw cut (if you please) when the oat is soft and in the milk, and well matured and ripe oats," which should in all cases be cut while the straw is green and the oat just passed from the milk state. I am well aware that stock is very fond of oat straw, cut green, as they are of hay and in the same condition. Still experience teaches one that it takes a large quantity to satisfy and lacks the heart then; those who cut and feed rowen hay understand this.

Now my invariable rule for many years has been to let my oats stand until they have passed from a milk state to what might perhaps be called a paste state, at which stage the straw is fresh and green. Then cut and bind immediately, not allowing them to wilt even; then put them in stocks of eight sheaves each, adding two more for caps, and there leave them through storms until they are entirely cured. By this slow process of curing, the berry completely fills and matures; the straw being cured thus under cover is fresh and sweet, and never moulds in the stack or mow, and stock prefer it as a change to the best of hay, prefer it as food to poor hay.

Now for the value of the crop. I claim for an acre more nutriment from the products of one acre of straw simply, than of an acre cut before the berry is formed. Again, I claim more nutriment from the oat when matured, than from the straw under any given condition, by two to one; that is to say, the one hundred bushels of oats I raise from an acre of ground is worth as much as the straw from two acres, providing the rule laid down of curing is followed. What is true of oats is true of other kinds of grain. I have often harvested wheat, and always preferred to do so, when I could break the berry between my thumb and finger. I always got plumper wheat, made more flour, and the straw was at least fifty per cent. better than when allowed to stand and get thoroughly ripe. Just so with corn. I never take the top off of corn, or to use the common phrase, "cut the stalks." I would cut my corn before it was hard, as soon as it passed from the milk to the paste state, put it immediately up in fair sized bunches, and there let it ripen and stand if desired, until cold weather. You get heavier and brighter corn, and very much better fodder. So much for my experience. Try it before you condemn it, and don't flatter yourself that a crop of oat straw begins to be as valuable as a crop of oats and straw.—W. F. WOODWARD in *Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Management of Firewood.

Every person who employs wood for fuel should always provide a yearly supply twelve months in advance of the time when it is to be burned. It is extremely poor management to burn wet or green wood, either for culinary purposes or for simply warming different apartments of a dwelling.

In order to derive the largest possible amount of heat from any kind of wood, it should be sawed and split into small billets soon after the trees are cut down, and piled up under shelter where no rain or snow can fall on it. When fire-wood is not piled under a shelter that will protect it from rain, a slow decomposition commences, and when the sticks are laid on the fire the combustion is slow, the wood fries, steams, wastes away slowly, and affords not more than half the heat that would be evolved from the same wood if it had been cut, split fine and piled under an open shed one year before it was required for fuel.

Wood houses that are made so tight on the sides that a current of air cannot sweep through the ranks of wood are exceedingly improper places for storing fire-wood. It is well always to have a tight roof on a wood-house, but the sides should be so constructed that the air can blow through the pile between the sticks, and thus sweep away all the moisture and dry out the wood so that it will burn like a tinder and roll out the heat like a red-hot bar of iron. Every wood-house should be provided with flap-doors, say two feet wide, on both sides of the building, just above the sills. When driving storms prevails the flaps should be closed. All the other times the flaps should be kept open. Then, let a year's supply of good wood be piled on one side of the wood-house every winter. By this arrangement every stick will have an opportunity to dry and season one year before it is burned.

Those persons who have always been accustomed to burn dry wood, do not hesitate to affirm that one cord of wood prepared as just directed, will afford more heat than two cords of wet, green soggy fuel, that has been kept for several months where it could not dry out.

It is the poorest kind of economy to burn green, or half seasoned wood. A person will be a gainer to sell a part of his fuel and purchase material for constructing a decent wood-house, than to continue to burn green wood, employing two sticks of wet and green fuel where one dry stick would afford an equal amount of heat.—*N. Y. Times.*

Hens and Hen Houses.

As the cold weather comes on, it becomes all who are anxious to keep their fowls in good condition, free from disease and vermin, to take the proper steps to secure so desirable a result. Much depends upon the manner in which hens are kept as to their laying. Hens that suffer from cold and hunger, that are fed only with cold food, and that not of the best, cannot be expected to lay. They need a variety of food, both animal and vegetable. The object should be to make their diet in winter as near like that they get in summer as possible. It cannot be expected that they will lay quite as well in early winter, whatever may be their treatment, as they do in spring, but with proper care they will well repay all the extra trouble. Beef or pork scraps are good to feed to some extent; corn, barley, oats, rye, meal, buckwheat, boiled potatoes, and almost any vegetable cooked, and sometimes cabbages and other vegetables raw. Lime should be placed in their way, oyster or clam shells pounded up, that they can pick up, sand and gravel for the same purpose, or to roll in, and all these in sufficient quantities. Then a tight, comfortable house, facing southerly, with glass front to a part of it if possible, where the hens may remain during the coldest days in winter, and enjoy the warmth of the sun, with a sandy bottom or floor, so that they may be able to roll in the sand, or do the same in wood ashes if it shall be supplied. Then an adjoining apartment should be arranged with a sufficient number of roosts to accommodate the fowls. An open yard should also connect with the above, so that in pleasant weather they may, if so disposed, take an airing. A great number should never be allowed to occupy the same house. We have frequently observed that whenever this has been attempted many of the fowls have died, and the whole have proved unprofitable. The fact is, that all fowls need attention, as well as all the other stock kept on the farm, and will suffer just as much from neglect as any other.

Fire Fanged Manure.

Some kinds of manure are more liable to become fire-fanged than other kinds. Horse manure, if allowed to lie in considerable quantities, is apt to undergo the process of fermentation under a high heat when it assumes a mouldy whitish appearance and becomes very light. It suffers an immense loss, so much so that its virtue is gone, and as compared with unheated manure it will produce scarcely any appreciable effect. The fertilizing qualities, especially ammonia, are thrown off and the mass is left inert and useless.

In the management of manures, therefore, care should be taken to prevent too great a heat by composting and forking over. Loam and muck if mixed freely under the stables will preserve the heap, prevent fire-fanging and thus prove very useful. It is a good plan to lay in a store of these substances to be mixed occasionally with the manure heap through the winter. —*Mass. Ploughman.*

WAGON TIRES. A newspaper writer says his wagon tires "wear out before they get loose," and the reason is, he saturates the felloes thoroughly with linseed oil before the tires are set. The felloes are placed in hot oil for about one hour, and are thus rendered perfectly water-proof, so that the shrinking and swelling that loosen the tire are prevented.

The Influence of Forests on Climate.

In the London Athenæum of June 1st, are two paragraphs bearing on this subject. The first is as follows:

"We have frequently directed attention to the mischievous effects of the reckless cutting down of trees in France and southern Europe, where the climate becomes every year drier, and the soil is washed away by destructive floods, to the impoverishment of whole provinces. Warnings have long been uttered by competent observers, but in vain; a sort of rage for cutting down wood has prevailed for the last two centuries. Bus at length the people most interested—the inhabitants of the countries involved—have begun to open their eyes to the question, and a petition has been laid before the French Senate, which points out that the army might be employed in planting trees on the barren slopes and plains. It would be something new to exercise soldiers in so peaceful and beneficial an undertaking, and we should be glad to see the experiment tried. Planting might prove more profitable than fighting; plenty would replace penury, and meteorologists would have the opportunity of witnessing a singularly interesting experiment.

The second paragraph refers to the Mauritius in the following words:

During the past five years, the Meteorological Society of Mauritius, have extended their system of observations so as to include twenty-two stations where the rain fall is registered. Though the time is comparatively short since the system was adopted, some remarkable results have been obtained. At Cluny, a place in the south east of the island, bordering on mountains and forests, the total rain fall was, in 1865, more than one hundred and ninety-two inches; at Gros Cailloux, sixteen miles distant to the north-west, the rain fall in the same year was, omitting decimals, thirty-six inches. These figures give the highest and lowest quantity registered at Mauritius in the year. Another fact which has become apparent seems to strengthen the theory, much discussed of late, which shows a dependence between rain-fall and forests. In some parts of the island, only a few years ago, a dry, cloudless day was of rare occurrence; whereas dry days are now frequent, and the cane fields suffer from drouth. Some of the rivers are much diminished in volume, and some streams have almost entirely disappeared; lakes and marshes are drying up; in consequence of which, the yield of sugar has decreased, and on some estates the cultivation has been abandoned. Other estates on the high ground near the edge of the forests, which were formerly considered too cold and wet for a good crop of canes, are now very productive. But with a continuance of the cause, it is believed that they too will become subject to the same effect. These, in the words of the report, published by the society, are "incontrovertible facts," however they may be explained. And though there is no diminution in the rain-fall for the whole of Mauritius, the deficiency is great in districts in which "extensive denudations" have been made. It should never be forgotten that if forests have no other effect, they intercept some portion of the rain, and assist in preserving the humidity of the soil. When exposed to the full glare of the sun, springs and rivers dry up rapidly. Although these remarks relate to an island in the tropics, there is much in them that applies to our own island, where new theories of farming have of late years occasioned the destruction of miles of hedgerows and acres of timber.

Industrial Education.

The trustees of the Industrial University met at the institution, in the town of Urbana, in Champaign county, Ill. on the 26th ult. The business transacted was more of local than general importance. It was provided that the spring term should open on the 24 day of March, and continue fifteen weeks; that the College year should commence on the 18th of September, 1868, and be divided into three terms of twelve weeks each—the first term to end December 9th, 1868; the winter term to commence December 11th and close March 12th, 1869, and the spring term to commence March 21st and close June 6th, 1869. Candidates for admission to the first fifteen weeks will be required to pass an examination in common high school branches only. The pupils are to be uniformed in *cadet grey*; to wear a cap and button of suitable device, and to be regularly drilled and exercised in the use of arms, by a competent military professor. An attempt was made to separate the control and management of the farm of 600 acres from the educational part, and give the charge of the former to the Executive Committee. This scheme signally failed, and the control of the institution was put where it should be, into the hands of the Regent, who, by his honorable and judicious conduct, is winning golden opinions from all sorts of people. Scrip representing $100,000, was sold for $90,000, which is in an advance of nearly 40 cents on the dollar since last March. Jonathan Periam of Chicago, now manager of the Gage hotel farms, was appointed farm superintendent, with a salary of $1,500 per annum and house rent. Two of the faculty only were appointed—one, Prof. G. W. Atherton, formerly of St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.; the other Prof. W. H. Baker of Springfield—both with salaries of $2,000 each, and each to chairs hereafter to be named.

FARMER'S INSTITUTE at the People's College, Havana, N. Y. We observe in our exchanges that the officers of this institution have made arrangements to hold a Farmer's Institute during the winter vacation of the college. It is their purpose to secure a series of practical and scientific lectures on various subjects connected with agriculture and fruit growing, and if properly carried out, such an enterprise can scarcely fail to prove a great benefit to the agriculturists in the neighborhood. Our readers will remember that the institution is located at Havana, N. Y. The Congressional land grant was appropriated to it in the first instance, but was afterwards transferred by the Legislature to the Cornell University.—*Country Gentleman.*

Transportation of Cattle.

I saw an article in the *Ploughman*, a few weeks since, respecting some improvement in cars, so that the cattle could have food and drink on the long tedious journey, while being transported to market. I have given this subject thought and attention for a long time. My attention was called to it from this fact, that the animals being obliged to remain standing for days and nights in the cars, would get weak and often lie down for rest, which would endanger the life of the animal and loss to the owner. So the owner has employed a man with a large stick or pole, several feet in length, with a sharp nail or spur in the end, nearly three-fourths of an inch in length, as I have noticed as I have travelled on the western railroad. If an animal chanced to be holding down his head as if fatigued, this unfeeling man (if he is deserving of the name) will thrust his goad into the head of the animal, so as to cause him pain, to prevent him from lying down, he says; but I have seen many times this petty tyrant thrust his goad into these animals for his own gratification, or the gratification of his own devilish disposition. I saw a case of this kind inflicted at Framingham a few weeks since, when for the first time I had the opportunity of seeing the home of the former editor of the *Ploughman*. I saw the said human being thrust his heavy goad into several animals, as he walked along side of the train as it stood at the station at Framingham, one a noble animal, an ox, who from his appearance had been accustomed to different treatment: he thrust his heavy goad into his head with his might, and there came from the wound a stream of blood, and put him in pain so intense that he struggled and put all the other animals in commotion. Now if among your readers there are men who would like to unite with me in introducing an

The Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Jan. 2, 1868.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the Farmer will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in al cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. V. Darling is now engaged in canvassing the county of Penobscot, for the Maine Farmer.

Mr. S. I. Small, agent for the Maine Farmer, will canvas West Somerset during the month of January.

Mr. S N. Tabbr is now on a visit to our subscribers in Oxford County.

Notice to Subscribers.

We find upon our list many subscribers to the Farmer *who are in arrears for one or more years, and who, therefore, according so the terms of the paper, are liable for the payment of fifty cents per year in addition to our advance rates of subscription. To induce a more general payment in advance, on the part of our subscribers, we have concluded to make the following offer: All persons in arrears who will send us the amount due, at the rate of two dollars per year, and two dollars in addition, shall receive credit for all past indebtedness and for a year's subscription in advance.* **This offer to stand open until the 10th of January, 1868.** *All payments made at this Office or by mail, or to our authorized agents previous to that date, will be credited in accordance with the terms above stated.*

A Happy New Year.

A Happy New Year to all our friends, and especially the readers of the Farmer! Christmas and New Year's days are within a week of each other, and both are generally observed as holidays, yet they have different uses and produce different feelings in most minds. Christmas seems especially devoted to presents, to an exuberance of spirits, to a feeling expressive of love and good will to all—a wish to see everybody happy. Only the cynical and selfish feel differently. We visited the other day the sick bed of a lady, whose days are apparently few, and who is conscious that this may be the fact, yet her strength for days was devoted to devising little presents and in writing letters, to all her friends, so as to make Christmas day for them a happy one. It was a touching sight, and taught us a good lesson. Hers was only the common expression of Christmas feeling.

But New Year's day brings with it other experiences and emotions. We are then led to look back upon the past year, review our course of life, see wherein we have succeeded and wherein we have failed. It is a most fitting time for us to make new resolutions and form new plans for the future, to break off a bad habit and to establish a good one. The man often takes that day on which to mould his character for life. We commend in the strongest manner the person, young or old, who will devote one hour on that day in the formation of good resolutions for his future life.

The year 1867 has been one which will leave its material for the pen of the historian. The brief but decisive wars in which Austria and Prussia were engaged, will be so much addition to the student's tasks to learn. The Fenian movement in this country and Ireland, will also add to the material of history. The States of Mexico and South America, have been engaged in civil war, as usual. The matter of reconstructing the States of the South has been among the most prominent subjects of interest in our own country. Though some of the industrial pursuits have flagged in our own State, yet we have had abundant harvests, and the farmers of Maine can generally say a Happy New Year to all their neighbors and friends.

The New Year already shadows forth interesting events in our national history. A new President will be chosen during the year. The excitement of the conflict, the oceans of ink, and the floods of eloquence expended by politicians, and the bitter rivalry of candidates, will be essentially the same as in past Presidential elections. As we do not expect to be the next President, and as it is uncertain whether we shall be elected to Congress, or receive any very lucrative office, we shall keep perfectly calm during the campaign, but think none the less of those who take a special interest in political affairs. It is a privilege the obscurest man can enjoy.

We subjoin a few practical hints to our readers. Make an inventory of what you are worth on that day. Lay your year's work out before you when you have leisure and when the head is clear. See if you can retrench useless expenditure. Look well to the woodpile; keep your cattle and horses well fed and warm; give them clean bedding; have nice kindling wood prepared the night before hand, so as not to dread getting up in the morning; take care to have good and useful reading for your evenings; make all the members of your family happy, and life will pass away with the consciousness of having done your duty. We wish everybody a Happy New Year.

Distress of our Troops in Alaska. The New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent says that the Russian purchase threatens to cost us, in addition to the $7,000,000, the loss of about four companies of United States troops. Dispatches have been received at the War Office within the last few days stating that the soldiers sent to take possession of the icebergs are in a most destitute condition; that no preparations whatever had been made for their reception, and that the prospect is that they will be frozen to death or maimed for life before supplies can reach them. Gen. Grant and Gen. Sherman had a consultation a few days ago on the subject. Gen. Grant stated that he had nothing to do with the affair, that the President ordered the troops three, and that he had no authority to act. It appears that there is no way to relieve them and that all access to our northern paradise is barred by the eternal snows and ice. Gen. Rousseau, who commanded the expedition, left for Washington Territory some time ago.

Coal. Few persons are aware to what an extent coal is used as fuel in Maine. In all the large towns and cities on the sea coast it has rapidly come into use within a few years, so that the demand for wood as fuel has very much diminished. This will serve to keep our woodlands from being stripped, and also enable the young growth of wood to become mature before it is cut down for fuel. As we may never expect to find coal to any extent, if at all, in Maine, it is well for us to see where we can obtain it in the cheapest possible manner. Since the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, we cannot obtain it from Nova Scotia so cheap as from Pennsylvania. Capitalists from Maine are successfully engaged in coal mining in Nova Scotia and in Pennsylvania, and we hope they will never fail to supply the world with all the coal it needs, at a cheap rate.

☞ A re-issue of patent has been granted R. B. Dunn of Waterville, and John C. Flint of Bangor, assignees by mesne arrangement of Moses Chandler of East Corinth. Patented January 14th, 1862. Reissue of patent has been granted to R. B. Dunn of Waterville, and John C. Flint of Bangor, assignees by mesne arrangements of Albion Webb, for "Improvement in Horse Hoe Cultivators." Patented August 8th, 1865.

Maine Men in Georgia. C. H. Prince, formerly of Buckfield in this State, and a Captain in the 23d Maine regiment, is a delegate to the Georgia Constitutional Convention from the 20th election district. C. C. Richardson, formerly of Rumford, and Captain in the 12th Maine, is also a delegate from the same district.

Board of Agriculture. Luther Chamberlain, of Atkinson, has been elected a member of the Board of Agriculture for Piscataquis county. Wm. S. Brown, of Waldoboro', has been elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of E. Wilder Farley, elected to the Senate for the county of Lincoln.

Emigration to Maine.

Much has been said of late years respecting emigration from Maine, and long editorials have been written and published to prove to young men the advantages of settling in Maine. But in spite of all these admonitions large numbers of our young men have felt as though they must go and "see the elephant" themselves, rather than listen to descriptions of him, and many have returned, glad to get home again, while many others would come home if they could; yet a respectable number have always decided to settle down in their native State, and have generally prospered well in life, with slower but surer gains. We well remember in our boyhood, young men who went out South and report such great salaries that we felt ashamed of our own, but somehow when they returned, they had a seedy look about them, and but little money in their pockets. The most of it was on paper. We have lived long enough to know that those who have stuck to their native State have been quite as successful as those who left for other parts.

But there is another feature in the history of our State which has not attracted the attention it deserves. While there has been a constant outgoing current, there has also been an inflowing one. Men from other States have surveyed our natural resources and have come here and developed them. Men of broad and far-seeing views have seized upon our waterfalls and with their capital have formed the nucleus of our most thriving villages. Farmers have moved in and made excellent citizens. Retired merchants from the cities may frequently be met in our rural towns, quietly settled on farms. Why is it? They seek for rest. They seek for good soil, a good orchard and garden, an abundance of fuel, and a good home, and here they can find them all. Since our attention has been called to this fact, we have been surprised to see how many of our most active citizens were born in other States. We are glad to record the fact, and we are pretty sure to find them intelligent, enterprising and successful, and we record this fact for the encouragement of others to come to Maine and settle. If they are of the right stamp they will certainly succeed. We remember two men who came to Maine thirty-five years ago and bought farms and went into cheese-making and astonished the people around at their success in this branch of industry. They made money and showed the farmers around what enterprise would do. It will not do for us to follow always the worn ruts. We must sometimes get out of them and find a better road.

In consideration of those things we shall take the aggressive, and insist that Maine is not only a good State to live in, but a good State for men of worth from other States to move into, where they can succeed in life.

No other State can boast of such a line of seacoast with its scores of excellent harbors. No other State has so many ship yard sites and facilities for building ships, nor can any other State show such splendid waterfalls, which are to be the site of flourishing villages and cities. No New England State has so much good soil. Even where it is rough, it is deep, and only needs the labor of the skilful and industrious farmer to make it productive. Maine can raise hay, potatoes, oats and apples to an unlimited extent. She can raise splendid horses and oxen. She can raise intelligent men and women, who too often are enticed out of the State by loud calls, but who would succeed well if they remained at home. The fact is, any man with capital and a fair amount of brains can succeed in almost any kind of business in Maine. This a man needs in coming to Maine. We say then to a man who has a thousand or more dollars of surplus capital, try the State of Maine. It is not a State, as some suppose, who never visited it, covered with pine trees. These are not often seen now.

Go almost anywhere and you will find the farmers in possession of good dwellings and surrounded by all the real necessaries and sometimes with the luxuries of life. They have acquired these things generally by honest industry. The man who has a few thousand dollars to invest can buy a farm in Maine provided with all the surrounding comforts necessary for him and find a good climate, instead of fever and ague, good schools, and religious privileges of some sort within reach. The farmers of Maine have more leisure, or we might say, they are the laziest class of men in the State. There is a pressure upon them a few months in summer and then they can enjoy a holiday when they please. Therefore with this new article to our creed, we hold up the Pine Tree State as a good State for those in other portions of the country to come and make for themselves a pleasant and happy home.

☞ As will be seen in another place, services at the Methodist church in this city will be resumed next Sabbath. The work of repairing their church edifice which was commenced in September last, has been carried steadily forward and has been completed in much less time than was at first supposed. We have from time to time alluded to the progress of the work, and can now only say that the house is one of the neatest and most attractive in the city. Everything about it is in keeping with its character, and the design and execution of the work reflect credit upon those who have performed the various branches of labor. The pulpit, which is simple and chaste in design is of solid black walnut, was designed by Mr. J. C. Tibbetts, and constructed by Capt. J. H. Butler and O. Williamson, Esq., and is a gift of the two latter gentlemen to the society. The new organ has been set up, but the bell, —which is to weigh 1350 lbs.—will not reach here before next week. The entire cost of the improvements upon the building will be about $7000.

The Peck Bond Case. The hearing appointed in the case of the sureties on the bond of Benj. D. Peck, a delinquent Treasurer of the State, before the Governor and Council, did not take place, the bondsmen failing to make their appearance. The hearing was to be in pursuance of an act of the Legislature authorizing an adjustment of the matter on an equitable basis, the bondsmen having been adjudged by the Supreme Court liable to pay the full amount of the bond. The surviving bondsmen are Ezra Carter, Jr., Neal Dow, and E. L. Cummings, of Portland, the other two having deceased. It now becomes the duty of the Governor and Council to take immediate measures to enforce the collection of the bond.

State Temperance Convention. We publish in another column the call for a State Temperance Convention, to assemble in this city on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14th, to continue in session during the following day and evening. The purposes of the call are clearly and forcibly stated, and it is incumbent on the Temperance men of Maine, without distinction of party or creed, and whatever their differences of opinion in regard to methods of action, to come together on this occasion and work together for the common cause. We trust there will be a general attendance of the well-tried and most active friends of Temperance in the State, and that great good will result from the deliberations and action of this Convention.

Tannery Burned. The tannery in East Bradford, owned by Gen. Plaisted of Bangor, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night last, as we learn from the *Whig*. All the buildings and machinery, with a good steam engine, were burned. Loss of building and machinery, about $6,000; insured for $2,000. The leather destroyed in the dry loft (3,000 sides) was worth at least $8,000. It was owned by Boston parties, and probably was insured. Origin of the fire unknown. So rapidly did the flames progress that a son of Mr. Church, aged about 19, who was asleep in the building, was with difficulty saved by bursting in the windows and taking him out.

☞ The Treasury Building at Washington, when completed, will have cost nearly $5,000,000, and it will be the finest Executive edifice in the world. The greater portion of it is built of Maine granite, and it is proposed to rebuild the remainder with the same material, as the porous sandstone of which it is constructed is disintegrating rapidly.

The Weather. On Friday last a warm rain fell in considerable quantities, completely breaking up the sleighing and rendering the traveling, out of town, very hard. Since Sunday the weather has been severely sharp and the absence of snow renders traveling very unpleasant, parties going about upon wheels almost as often as upon runners.

Religious Notice. Services will be resumed in the Methodist church in this city on the afternoon of next Sabbath, 5th inst., when a discourse appropriate to the re-opening of their house of worship will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Geo. Webber, Presiding Elder of the Readfield District. There will be no morning service.

Editorial Correspondence.

State Prison, Thomaston, Dec. 10, 1867.

Dear Farmer:—Do not tremble for us, lest we may have been suspected of doing something against the peace of the State—we have always been peacably inclined. We made a visit to-day to our State Institution, the State Prison. The location was originally made on a bed of limestone. For many years this was quarried, till the material became exhausted, except by digging very deep or undermining the buildings, and has been abandoned, leaving a large portion of the territory enclosed by the walls a useless waste.

There are now about one hundred and fifty prisoners, though some are kept in county jails for want of room. An additional wing is now in process of construction. The institution has of late been admirably conducted, under the charge of Warden Rice. The labor of the convicts has been so managed as to pay the running expenses, or nearly so. We first visited the carriage shop, where about thirty men are employed. Elegant sleighs and carriages are turned out here.

Among the prisoners was one in whom we felt a special interest. He was a fancy painter. He worked in a room entirely alone. He exhibited the skill of a true artist, and so great was his interest in his work, that he spent much of his time in his cell in reading books on the painter's art, and in painting. Some special exhibitions of his skill were hanging on the wall of his *studio*. Most of the men were entirely unacquainted with their business when they entered the prison. We were informed by the overseer that it was rare that a mechanic ever entered a State prison—showing the value of a good trade to a young man, to keep him out of mischief.

In the blacksmith shop was Knight, who was convicted of killing his wife. He is about sixty years of age, and was busily engaged in finishing off a piece of iron work. His conduct is unexceptionable. Entering the shoe shop, we found it occupied mostly by boys and young men who could not behave themselves at home, and so found their way here. They appeared remarkably neat in their persons, in spite of the prison dress. Their hair was combed smoothly and in order, and scarcely one showed indications of having been a great criminal. Among them was Thorn, the murderer, who has been in prison twenty-five years. He is a singular looking man, and growing old. But let us look into the main building a moment. Here stands a youthful prisoner, who had committed a crime, and was sent here to pay the penalty. If there is a boy to read this letter, we will describe him for his benefit. He is dressed in a jacket with one side and sleeve black, and the other side and sleeve of a tan color. He looks very lonesome. He committed his crime when his father was away in other lands. His father has just been to see him, and give him some money to make him comfortable. His father has not forgotton him, even though he is shut up in a prison. The overseer stands by them and watches them all the time they are together, so they shall not plan for his escape. The father bids his boy good-bye, and goes away sorrowful, and the boy goes to his cell. Take care, boys, not to disobey your parents.

In a cell in one corner of the prison is shut up Harris, the Auburn murderer, in solitary confinement for a year. This is a kind of punishment next to death itself—to be shut up and not allowed to speak to any one, in a narrow stone cell, dark and gloomy. How they beg to get out! How they beg the privilege of working in the shops!—anything but being confined in a cell. Harris is a mulatto, with a tolerably well-developed Caucassian head, but looking as though he was the subject of strong passions. How the soul of even a strong man must sink within him when he seriously looks back upon the victim he has murdered, and then forward to the thought that he can never again leave the naked stone walls of a prison! But the bell rings for dinner. A huge pile of victuals is put in rations, where the long row of prisoners in single file and silently, take their little tin basin and march to their cells, there in silent meditation to partake of their frugal meal.

Were we to look at the men in our State Prison as mere day laborers, we should say that their lot was not a hard one. They have comfortably warm and airy rooms to work in. Their work is generally light, and of such a character that they are learners of a good trade, which they usually finish before the expiration of their sentences. On the Sabbath they have preaching from the clergyman of the town, in a neat chapel recently erected, and in which a portion of the inmates receive instruction in the common branches of learning. We believe it would be good policy to give instruction to every inmate while in his minority, and to all others who desire it.

We left the prison well pleased with its management, and with the glad reflection that our number of convicts is no larger, though with a sad reflection that any man should break any civil or divine command, as to be forced into the narrow quarters of a prison. As we saw the long file of prisoners, marching with their dinners in their hands to their solitary cells, we could but think how many a mother's heart had been wrung with anguish at the wayward course of her son; and how many a father's hopes had been blasted, and how his very soul had withered away as he saw no other than a downward course for the child of his cherished expectations.

☞ There seems to be considerable diversity of opinion in regard to the origin of the recent fire at the dam, which involved so great a destruction of property and deprived a large number of industrious and worthy men of employment. We are assured by Mr. Bangs, of the firm of Bangs & Mosher, in whose department the fire originated, that every reasonable precaution was taken by them and the workmen in their employ to guard against danger; that there were no shavings in the building where the fire is said to have broken out; that the floor had a few minutes previously been swept clean of saw dust, and that every thing around the stove was left perfectly safe, when the men left for dinner. Mr. Fisher, one of the persons who discovered the fire, says that its first appearance was in the wood work around the chimney, some twenty feet from the stove, and he very naturally attributes its origin to some defect in the chimney. Mr. Bangs thinks that the fire may have been caused by the heating of the journals of the shafting and communicating with the wood work, a similar occurrence having caused the destruction of the machine shop on the same spot in the year of 1853.

The New Road. The County Commissioners at the final hearing of the petitioners for the new road from Coombs' Mills in Augusta to Lowe's Corner in Manchester, which was held in this city on Thursday of last week, decided to lay out the road. We learn that Mayor Patterson of this city will make a request of the Commissioners that they extend the time of constructing the road until 1871. This is done upon the ground that at present this city has all the burdens in the way of taxes it can possibly meet. About $10,000 has this year been paid for the bridge in this city, that its use may be had free by the public and nearly $3,000 per year for three years must be paid for the same purpose. After that the city will be prepared to build its portion of this new road. Its cost to the city will probably be about $4,000.

☞ The case of Mrs. R. A. Scholes, one of the sufferers by the recent fire at the dam, is one of peculiar hardship, she having lost everything in the world upon which she relied for the support of herself and four young children. An appeal made to our citizens in her behalf has been worthily responded to. Contributions amounting to about six hundred dollars, have been already obtained, and it is believed that a still larger sum will be realized for her benefit.

Promenade Concerts. The Augusta Band of this city propose giving a series of Promenade Concerts at Granite Hall this winter, which we are sure will be patronized by all who enjoy this description of entertainment. The series will consist of ten concerts, commencing on Tuesday evening, Jan. 17th, and ending March 20th. Further particulars will be given in future announcements.

☞ The members elect of the Legislature of Maine will assemble to-morrow (Wednesday) at the Capitol, for organization and the transaction of legislative business. We have engaged a special reporter to give our readers an abstract of its proceedings from week to week during the continuance of the session.

☞ The new eating rooms of Messrs. Page & Furbish, on Oak street—opposite the Post Office—which have been fitted up in an attractive style, will be opened tomorrow, Wednesday.

Suggestions to Prevent Railroad Accidents. In commenting upon the late sad railroad disaster near Buffalo, N. Y., the *Tribune* makes some suggestions whereby much of the loss of life by railroad accidents now so alarmingly on the increase in this country, may be prevented. We reproduce them in a very condensed form:—I. Car wheels must be so constructed that they will not fly apart, and so that any one may be slivered without disabling the car or throwing it from the track. II. Our passenger cars must be wholly made of cast iron plates, held firmly by wrought iron rods. They will cost but little more than wooden cars, will last longer, will not burn in case of accident, will not splinter or crash into oven wood. III. Cars—and as for that matter, steamboats and vessels—must not be painted with highly inflammable oils. Paint that is quite incombustible, or at least that will greatly retard the spread of fire, must be used. IV. The brakes of a passenger train must be all connected together, and so arranged as to be instantly and firmly applied by a motion of the engineer's foot. V. New safeguards against flying the track on embankments, bridges, &c., must be provided. Among those are suggested two squared sticks of timber, eighteen to twenty inches in diameter, laid upon each side of the track at such points, and firmly secured and bolted; or what would be better, a thick concrete wall of rough stones laid in lime and cement, rising on each side of the track to a hight of two or three feet. The adoption of these suggestions is only a matter of cost, but economy is really on the same side with safety. What is needed to carry them into effect is that the law must demand a compliance with the dictates of caution and foresight.

Extraordinary Act of Heroism. An instance of great heroism on the part of a young man, Capt. Wm. Jackman, is related in the Newfoundland papers as having occurred at Labrador during the violent hurricane of Oct. 9th, last. So extraordinary is the story that were it not vouched for by the best authority it would appear incredible. A vessel called the Sea Slipper had struck on a reef near a place called Spotted Islands, Labrador, at which were no residents. This young man, Captain Jackman, being providentially, in the neighborhood, witnessed the vessel's striking, saw her fall asunder, with a number of persons on her deck and rigging—twenty-seven, as it afterward appeared. To save some of these poor creatures, Mr. Jackman cast himself into the sea and swam to the wreck, a distance of a hundred fathoms or more from the shore. The hurricane at this time was at its hight, accompanied by snow. Eleven times did this heroic man swim between ship and shore, each time bringing a man from the wreck and placing him in safety.

By this time persons from a neighboring settlement had arrived with ropes. Sixteen trips more did the noble sailor make, conducting all the survivors in safety to the shore. It seldom falls to our lot to relate more heroic conduct.

Capt. Jackman is said to be as modest as he is brave, and when spoken to on the subject will not allow that he did anything more than his duty.

A Wonderful Escape. The following incident is related in the Portland *Star* as having occurred on the Grand Trunk road not many months ago. A couple, with their little girl two years old were on board the saloon car attached to a night freight train, and were sitting near the side door which was partially open. The train was on a down grade, running twenty miles per hour when a sudden rebound of the car threw the child out of the door. Horror-stricken at the supposed inevitable result, the conductor signaled to "brake up hard," and as soon as it was safe to do so, seized his lantern, jumped off and ran back, expecting to see a bruised corpse on the road bed; but presently heard a childish voice crying out "Papa! Papa!" and in a moment more met the little one running along to catch the train. The wind, which was blowing fresh at the time had inflated her clothing and buoyed her up and she had evidently fallen on her feet and was not in the least injured.

Murderous Assault on a U. S. Judge. A despatch from Mobile, dated Dec. 28th, says District Attorney L. V. B. Martin met Judge Busteed of the U. S. District Court this A. M., in front of the Custom House and accosted him saying, "Judge, will you allow that indictment against me to take its course?" Judge Busteed replied, "Sir—The law must take its course." Martin then drew his revolver and fired upon the Judge who fell upon the pavement having received two shots—one below the breast bone and another in the right leg. Martin had been indicted by the U. S. Grand Jury for revenue frauds and extortion. He is now in jail. Judge Busteed's wounds are not considered mortal.

Fatal Accident. Sampson Mitchell, one of the employees at the Bennett mines in Guilford, was killed on Thursday of last week, by a premature explosion in the tunnel where he was working. It seems, says the *Observer*, that the unfortunate man in this case, was applying fire to the fuse connecting with two charges, which were to be exploded simultaneously, and it is supposed that the fire communicated with loose powder in a seam and thence with the charge in one of the holes, exploding it while he was at work upon it. He was struck upon the right side of the head with a fragment of the rock, which cut through the skull, exposing the brain. The deceased came from Cornwall last March, where he leaves a wife and seven children.

Crime Divulged. The Kittery correspondent of the Biddeford *Journal* says: "An interesting case will doubtless be brought to light, in a few weeks, relative to murder and other crimes. A woman who has lately been sent to the Alms House in Elliot by a man whom she called her husband, has made a confession of certain crimes. The name of the man whom the woman claims as her husband is James Straw, alias James Strong, alias James Stone, and Jim Stewart. He is said to be a native of Newfield. The man and an accomplice have been arrested."

Another Terrible Disaster. Despatches from Charleston, S. C., state that the steamer Raleigh from New York for New Orleans, was burned on Tuesday last about twenty miles off the coast. Eighteen of the officers and crew were brought to Charleston by a tug Wednesday morning. Thirteen lives are supposed to have been lost, including Capt. Marshman. Twenty-five persons still missing. They were last seen in a boat or clinging to the pieces of the wreck.

☞ The Belfast *Journal* states that a despatch has been received at Stockton, announcing that Capt. Alexander Seger and Capt. Benj. Partridge, were drowned on the 18th in Pensacola Bay, by the upsetting of a sail-boat. They were both in command of Stockton vessels lying in the bay. At the date of the despatch their bodies had not been found. Captain Seger leaves a family. Capt. Partridge is a single man.

☞ The House Committee on Public Lands have agreed to report a bill forbidding all further sale of public lands, excepting as provided for by the preemption and homestead laws. The design is to prevent future speculation in the public domain, and secure the actual settlement and tillage of every tract of land hereafter disposed of by the Government.

☞ John Porter, Esq., for the past twenty-two years publisher of the Rockland *Gazette*, has relinquished his connection with that paper. Messrs. John B. Porter, his son, and E. E. Wortman, succeed him in the management of the paper.

☞ On the night of Dec. 24th, the schooner Palmerston, Captain Wooster, went ashore on Squirrel Island, in Boothbay Harbor, and was burned. The mate and two men were lost. She was from Boston, bound for some port in Nova Scotia.

☞ The Rockland *Democrat* says that at a recent visit to Thomaston, Governor Chamberlain presented to the little daughter of Capt. S. T. Keene, formerly of the 20th Maine regiment and killed at Gettysburg, the sum of $100 as a gift.

☞ Charles Mansell of Hermon, has been arrested on the charge of setting fire to several barns and a meetinghouse in that town, several weeks since. He was bound over in the sum of $1,200 to answer the charge.

☞ The Gardiner *Journal* says that Captain Loring Ballard, of Farmingdale, was at St. Thomas at the time of the awful tornado there, and it is feared he fell a victim to it, as nothing has been heard from him since.

Editor's Table.

Red Cross, or Young America in England and Wales. A story of Travel and Adventure, by Oliver Optic. Boston, Lee & Shepard. 1868. pp. 336.

This volume forms the third in the series of "Young America Abroad," by that popular author for children, Mr. W. T. Adams, and the boys and girls who have followed the fortunes of the party on board the "Academy Ship," across the Atlantic and through Ireland and Scotland, will peruse this volume with the same interest, attention and profit, that they have the preceding ones. It is for sale in this city by E. Fenno & Son.

Joseph in the Snow. A Tale. Illustrated.

The Well Spent Hour. Illustrated.

These beautiful children's books are published by H. B. Fuller, 245 Washington street, Boston, and are brought out in a neat style. The former is a translation from the German of Berthold Auerbach, and the latter forms No. 1 of a series known as "The Follen Stories," by Eliza Lee Follen. The second of this series, a sequel to the "Well Spent Hour," will be entitled "The Birthday," and may soon be expected from the press. Others are in preparation. These books are for sale in this city, at the bookstore of E. Fenno & Son.

Littell's Living Age for the week ending Dec. 28, contains, Ireland for the Irish; Ultimate End of Feniansm; Sir S. Baker's Abyssinia; Phineas Finn, the Irish Member, by Anthony Trollope; Monetary Conventions and English Coinage; A Bengali Will; Cinderilla, by Miss Thackeray; besides poetry, etc.

The next number, beginning the number, will be printed on new type, and will contain the entire article on The Talmud, which has excited so much interest abroad, as to exhaust six editions of the Quarterly Review containing it; also, the first part of a new story by Charles Lever, and the usual variety of other matter. Littell & Gay, Publishers, 30 Bromfield St., Boston.

The Atlantic Monthly. The following contents of the *Atlantic* for January, will show that it begins the new year in an attractive manner:—The Wife, by J. G. Whittier; Flotsam and Jetsam; Pittsburg, by James Parton; Doctor Molke's Friends, by Dr. I. I. Hayes; The Combat of Diomed and Mars, from Homer by W. C. Bryant; Our School Girl, by Mrs. Stowe; Oldport Waves, by T. W. Higginson; President Wayland, by Prof. J. L. Diman; By-ways of Europe, by Bayard Taylor; Aspects of Culture, by R. W. Emerson; In the Twilight, by J. R. Lowell; Mrs. Johnson, by W. D. Howells; Hawthorne in the Boston Custom House; The Old Masters and Modern Art, by Eugene Benson; George Silverman's Explanation, by Charles Dickens; Reviews and Literary Notices. Boston, Ticknor & Fields. $4 per annum, or 35 cents per number. Sold in this city by Pierce Brothers, Water street.

☞ The most noticeable feature in the January number of *Our Young Folks* is the "beginning part" of the "Holiday Romance," from the pen of "William Tinkling, Esquire, aged eight," (by Charles Dickens) and it will add a host of readers to the already large number this magazine now enjoys. Among the other writers to the number are Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Dr. I. I. Hayes, Sophie May, Helen C. Weeks, E. C. Stedman, Mrs. Anna M. Wells, and others. The number contains fifteen engravings beside a full page illustration, and a fine steel engraving of Mr. Dickens, given as a frontispiece. We are glad to notice that the articles are of greater variety and not so lengthy as in former numbers, and that a new and more appropriate design for the cover has been adopted. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, at $2 per annun.

The Galaxy. Contents of the January number:—The Story of a Masterpiece, in two parts. Part I. By Henry James, Jr. (With an Illustration by Gaston Fay;) With my Book, by T. W. Parsons; American and Foreign Theatres, by Olive Logan; A Wedding Song, by Elgar Fawcett; My Spiritualistic Experiences, by Richard Frothingham; The Political Outlook; The same Christmas in Old England and New, by Edward Everett Hale; Elisabetta's Christmas, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; Burgoyne in a New Light, by Wm. L. Stone; Steven Lawrence, Yeoman, by Mrs. Edwards; Aphoristic Cynicism, by Junius Henri Browne; Nebulæ, by the Editor. New York: W. C. & F. P. Church, 39 Park Row. Terms $3.50 per year. Great inducements to clubs.

Every Saturday for January 4th, contains the opening chapters of a new story called "Foul Play," written by Charles Reade and Dion Bourcicault. It bids fair to be one of the most entertaining stories of the new year. The same number also contains a story by Rev. Norman Macleod, an essay on "Family Ghosts," by James Hannay, "An Old Wife's Song," by Jean Ingelow, and several other stories and essays from foreign periodicals. Ticknor & Fields, publishers, Boston. Price per number 10 cents.

Jack the Giant Killer. The second and concluding part of this story by Miss Thackeray, has been published by Loring, Boston, and is for sale by E. Fenno & Son, North's Block, in this city.

Hurricane at Calcutta. The last India mail received in England, brought advices to the 8th of November from Calcutta, and details of a destructive cyclone which had occurred there. In Calcutta city 100 deaths have been recorded, 101 brick-built houses destroyed, and 2338 tiled and thatched huts leveled with the ground. In the suburbs the loss of life is estimated at 285, and 62 brick-built houses, 1745 tiled huts and 25,148 thatched huts have been destroyed. On the river, 622 lives have been lost. In addition there have also been lost two ferry steamers, 67 cargo boats, and 336 up-country boats. The greater portion of these boats, together with those lost in the canals, were laden with jute and grain. The grand total of lives ascertained to have been lost is, therefore, 1016; of brick-built houses destroyed 163; and of tiled and thatched huts, 20,231. Of the larger shipping in the river, only some 26 ships have escaped uninjured, and three have sustained serious damage, one of them being a complete wreck. The consequences of the hurricane in destroying the rice crops, and the cattle, over a large territory, threaten famine. Not more than half a crop of rice will be secured, and one-tenth of the cattle have died from exposure.

☞ The Boston *Herald* gives an account of a recent railroad accident near Boston, by which four Maine men, on their return from California after an absence of ten or a dozen years, were all injured. Two of them, A. C. Rowe of Winthrop, and Trueman Hopkins of Frankfort, were sitting together on one seat, near the forward end of the smoking car, with their feet stretched ont and resting upon a seat in front. They heard the alarm whistle and drew up their legs just as the collision occurred and forced the two seats up near together (the front part of this car being badly smashed). The simple fact that their legs were in a bent position saved their being badly shattered. As it was, one of Rowe's legs, below the knee, and one wrist, and one hand were quite badly bruised. Hopkins experienced a bruised and sprained ankle. The third, a man named S. B. Gilman, of Bangor, was injured in one of his legs, and was taken to the residence of his brother at Roxbury. The fourth of the party, a man named F. E. Hatch, also of Bangor, was heavily bruised on the right arm. Hopkins, Rowe and Hatch were taken to the United States Hotel, where they received medical assistance.

Removal of District Commanders. By direction of the President Major General E. O. E. Ord of the Fourth Military District, and Major General John Pope of the Third District are ordered to turn over their several commands without delay to the next senior officers under them. Gen. Irwin McDowell has been ordered to assume the command of the Fourth, and Gen. George G. Meade of the Third Districts in place of the officers removed. Gen. Ord is ordered to proceed to San Francisco to take command of the Department of California, and Gen. Pope will report at the Headquarters of the Army for further orders.

☞ The Ellsworth *American* says that Wm. R. Rice, of Cranberry Isle, has a letter from Capt. Wm. L. Bromwell, Schooner Broadfield, of West Dennis, Mass., dated at Baltimore, Nov. 26, saying that Herbert Rice, his son, in the act of putting on a stop on the flying jib, the 14th ult., during a gale of wind, off Block Island, was washed overboard and drowned. He was seen but once after falling overboard.

☞ "The way to fame is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation." An indispensable requisite to the attainment of the first, is good health; keep it, by using American Life Drops, which are the most wonderful Pain-Killer ever known for external use. Sold by J. S. & F. E. Johnson.

Gloomy State of Affairs in the South. Correspondents of the New York papers give most gloomy and discouraging accounts of the condition of affairs in the Southern States—the fruit of the late rebellion. An Atlanta (Ga.) correspondent of the *Times* writes as follows:

"One of the largest and wealthiest merchants in this city told me this morning that since the passage by the Convention of the temporary ordinance prohibiting the levy of executions and sale of property, he has not been able to collect a hundred dollars, and that business, except a little retail trade, is practically dead throughout the State. A number of agents of Northern mercantile houses are here, looking as black as a thunder cloud. They are not collecting a dime. Compared with the present financial condition of the State, that of this time last year was prosperity. I never saw such stagnation and utter want of confidence. Credit is dead and buried."

A New Orleans correspondent of the same paper says:

"The South is now passing through a terrible yet necessary revolution. It is terrible as involving general bankruptcy, the prostration of business, and universal gloom, yet necessary as the means of adjustment of society on a basis of a sound political economy and of just relations between man and man.

The South has not yet touched bottom. The factors have made advances on the strength of prospective crops, but for two or three years, especially the last, the harvests have been meagre and the merchants will get small or no returns.

If affairs go on as they are for ninety days longer there must be many failures. It is quite impossible to make collections. The money is not to be had. I heard one merchant say that of $19,000 due him by different parties, chiefly planters, he could realize almost nothing. He had closed his business and was trying to gain a bare support for his family until the return of better days.

Plantations are being sold at great sacrifices to pay taxes or mortgages. One estate in Mississippi of fifteen hundred acres was lately bid off at $1.50 an acre; another at $2.50 an acre, and one in Alabama upon which the improvements were worth $10,000, went for $1,300. This process must continue until to a great extent plantations have changed hands.

Southern men concede that a new order of things is inevitable. It is coming to this, that a man will own only as much land as he can manage personally with a few hands, according to the Northern practice. The new system of labor, as well as the poverty of the people, make the change necessary."

The *Herald's* special Washington dispatch has the following:

"One of your travelling correspondents, who has just made an extensive tour through Louisiana, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, North Carolina and South Carolina, represents the condition of the freedmen as heartrending in the extreme. In all the cotton districts of those States the great mass of the freedmen are not only on the point of starvation but possess scarcely enough clothing to cover their nakedness.—At most of the railroad stations many colored children collect on the arrival of the trains, and enter into competition with famished swine and dogs for the possession of the bones thrown by passengers from the trains, while scores of negroes collect about the depots as spectators.

In the corn growing districts the prospects of a famine are not so near, and the whites and blacks are on friendly terms. In many counties of these States the forests are filled with armed negroes who hunt game in the day time and make raids upon the planters' stock at night. The destitution however is not confined to the blacks. Thousands of the white population have not a month's provisions ahead and no money with which to lay in a supply. Many planters provide a year's supply for their fmilies, but the starving negroes have very generally pillaged their smoke houses and granaries, and stripped them clean. His estimate of the number of persons, compiled from statistics collected by the executives of the States and "who will starve unless Congress provides some relief," is three millions, two thirds of whom are negroes. This estimate embraces Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas. He has no estimate of the other reconstructed States.

The planters are generally alarmed and would leave the country could they raise the means to remove their families. Hundreds are offering their homes for a mere song, but can get purchasers. Plantations that before the war commanded as high as fifty dollars per acre, can be purchased for five dollars an acre."

A Season of Disasters. The London *News* of the 23d ult. has the following review of the disasters which have been so frequent and appalling during the past few months:

"The present season will be memorable for the number and magnitude of its disasters by sea and land. Nature is forgetting her old benignity, to put on her most awful terrors, and our columns are becoming a daily record of earthquakes, hurricanes, and inundations. The gale which has this week visited our own coasts has had lamentable consequences; the capsizing of the Gorlestone life-boat, with the loss of twenty lives, is a calamity to cast a gloom over a whole nation; but it is thrown into the shade by the destruction simultaneously reported from the Eastern and the Western world. Before we have recovered from the impression of the late hurricane in the West Indies, we fear of a renewal of terrestrial conv

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Foreign News.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Dispatches via. Atlantic Telegraph.

LONDON, Dec. 23—Evening. The regular police force of this metropolis has been largely increased.

Timothy Desmond and Jerry Allen, the alleged perpetrators of the Clerkenwell explosion, were brought before a magistrate to-day, and underwent a preliminary examination, at the close of which they were remanded to jail.

FLORENCE, Dec. 23—Evening. In consequence of the adverse vote at the conclusion of the debate in the House of Deputies last week, the members of the Cabinet have tendered their resignations to the King, but await the judgment of his Majesty on their acts. The new Ministry, it is reported, will probably be organized under Marshal Durando.

LONDON, Dec. 24. At a banquet given at the Royal Polytechnic on Saturday night last, in reply to the following sentiment from the Duke of Wellington, a felicitous telegram from the President of the United States was received amidst great enthusiasm. Not a little of the interest attaching to these despatches grows out of their rapid transmission.

MESSAGE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO THE PRESIDENT.

"LONDON, Dec. 21. The Duke of Wellington, the Directors and scientific guests now at the Royal Polytechnic, London, England, send their most respectful greeting to the President of the United States, their apology being that to the discoveries of science the intercourse between two great nations is indebted.

[The above message was nine minutes thirty seconds in transit from London to Washington.]

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S REPLY.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 21.

Duke of Wellington, London:

I reciprocate the friendly salutation of the banqueting party at the Royal Polytechnic, and cordially agree with them in the sentiment, that free and quick communication between governments and nations, is an important agent in preserving peace and good understanding throughout the world and advancing all the interests of civilization.

(Signed) ANDREW JOHNSON."

[The reply occupied twenty minutes in actual transmission.]

LONDON, Dec. 24. Accounts have been received at Massowah of the condition and progress of the British expedition in Abyssinia. They are all favorable. The army was steadily advancing into the interior. Up to the date of the latest dispatches they had met with no opposition, but, on the contrary, they had been received in a friendly manner by the natives everywhere along the line of march.

FLORENCE, Dec. 24. The existing Cabinet is not to be dissolved. Some changes in its composition will be made, but Gen. Menabrea will remain at the head of the Government, and under his direction the organization of the Ministry will proceed.

LONDON, Dec. 24—Noon. The Fenians are still active. The newest sensation is an effort made last evening to destroy the gas works at Glasgow. Attempts had been made the night before to destroy the gas works at Warrington, near Liverpool. In both cases the efforts were unsuccessful. The authorities in those cities are doubly watchful, and no further trouble is apprehended.

Dispatches received from various parts of the Kingdom report everything quiet to day. Dispatches received from Naples mention that the eruption of Mount Vesuvius is continually increasing in power and splendor. Immense sheets of white, yellow and crimson flame rise hundreds of feet above the crater, and at night the Bay of Naples is lighted up for miles. Lava is pouring down the mountain side in immense quantities, and large stones are occasionally thrown out from the mouth of the volcano. A deep rumble like reverberating thunder is heard from time to time as in the bowels of the earth, and many people in the vicinity have left their homes, fearing an earthquake or other calamity. No such eruption has probably occurred in Vesuvius for centuries, and the spectacle is regarded as one of the most magnificent and sublime ever witnessed in nature.

LONDON, Dec. 25. The *Times* of to-day has an editorial on the subject of the Abyssinian war, which it fears will be protracted until next year. It blames Sir William Napier, the Commander of the British forces, for the delays which the expedition has encountered, and says nothing of consequence can be done during the present season.

LONDON, Dec. 28. The Fenians seem to be unusually active all over the country. Nearly every hour in the day dispatches are received by the authorities announcing either a contemplated movement by the Brotherhood or its absolute occurrance.

Telegrams of a quite serious nature have been received to-day from Cork, giving the details of another Fenian *coup de main* last night. About midnight a large body of men with blackened faces stormed the Mantello Tower near Cork. The guard of the Tower was overcome and scattered and the viotors hastily collected together a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition, and escaped with it without molestation.

LONDON, Dec. 28—Evening. Another Fenian outbreak was perpetrated to-day at Dublin. An effort was made to fire the General Post Office by means of Greek fire. The attempt was happily frustrated, and beyond the destruction of a few letters no great damage was done.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

TUESDAY, Dec. 31, 1867.

[Corrected weekly by J. MCARTHUR, J. HEDGE & Co., C. H MULLIKEN & Co., and E. G. STORER.]

Flour,	$12.00 to 17.50	Clear Salt Pork,	$15.00 to 17.00
Corn Meal,	1 62 to 1 75	Mutton ₩ lb.,	5 to 6
Rye Meal,	1 75 to 2 00	Spring Lamb ₩ lb,	6 to 7
Wheat,	none	Veal,	0 to 0
Rye,	1 60 to 1 75	Turkeys ₩ lb,	15 to 20
Corn,	1 60 to 1 60	Chickens ₩ lb,	12 to 17
Barley,	0 90 to 1 10	Clover Seed,	9 to 18
Beans,	2 25 to 4 00	Herdsgrass,	3 00 to 3 50
Oats,	70 to 80	Red Top,	1 50 to 2 00
Potatoes,	80 to 90	Hay ₩ ton,	$15 to 18
Dried Apples,	12 to 16	Linen,	1 50 to 0 00
Cooking Apples,	50 to 75	Fleece Wool,	35 to 40
Butter,	25 to 33	Pulled Wool,	35 to 40
Cheese,	14 to 15	Sheep Skins,	75 to 1 00
Eggs,	30 to 36	Hides,	9 to 10
Lard,	14 to 18	Calf Skins,	15 to 17
Beef,	9 to 12	Lamb Skins,	50 to 0 50
Round Hog,	7 00 to 9 00	Wood, hard,	5 00 to 6 00

CATTLE MARKETS.

AT BRIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MEDFORD

THURSDAY, Dec. 25, 1867.

At market:	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.	Veal
This week,	1371	7097	2100	—
Last week,	2767	12,277	800	—
One year ago, (Dec. 19,)	1035	8200	1400	—

PRICES.

BEEVES—Extra qual.... $13.00@13 50 | Per 100 lbs. on the total weight of hide, tallow, and dressed beef.
First qual..... 12.00@12.75
Second do..... 11.00@11.75
Third do..... 9 00@10.00
Poorest grades of oxen, bulls, &c., $6 50@8 00

WORKING OXEN—$175 to 265; handy steers, $100 to 150, or a little above their value as beef.

MILCH COWS—$50@75; EXTRA, $80@100; Heifers; farrow $35@95.

SHEEP—₩ lb., 3@5c; By the head $1 30@4 50.

HIDES—Brighton, 10 @00c; country lots, 9@9½c. CALF SKINS 16@18c. TALLOW, 7@7½c ₩ lb

PELTS—Sheep and Lambs, 75@100c.

SHUTS—Wholesale, 0@0c; retail 00@0c ₩ lb.

DROVES OF CATTLE FROM MAINE.

Richardson & Philbrook, 53; J Adams, 13; J Frost, 12; R D Blinn, 16; J W Withee, 13.

REMARKS. The supply of cattle is not so large as that of last week, and there is not much trade. It being Christmas week, the market at Brighton was held on Tuesday, but there was not much activity, and up to 1½ P. M, there had not been any Eastern cattle sold. There are not many extra beeves in market, and prices remain about the same as they were last week.

SALES OF MAINE CATTLE. We did not notice sufficient transactions in this line to authorise any other remark than simply to say our quotations are merely nominal. Mr. J. W. Withee of Maine, sold one pair of 7 ft cxen for $160 and $200; 6 ft 10 in for $170; 6 ft 6 in $150 and 165. G. W. Brownell sold one springer for $53, and three for $45 each.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—DROVES FROM MAINE.

No sheep from Maine are reported at market this week.

There is a good supply of sheep in market; many of the best lots went direct to the slaughtering houses at a commission. We We quote sales of 108 average weight 90 lbs. at 5c ₩ lb. 115, average weight 83 lbs. at 4c ₩ lb., 100 at $1 75 ₩ head, 121, average weight 72 lbs. at 7c ₩ lb, 90, average weight 70 lbs. at 4c ₩ lb, 213 at $1 75 ₩ head, 116, average weight 75½ ₩s, at 4c ₩ lb.

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, Dec. 28, 1867.

APPLES—Green ₩ bbl. $3 50@5 00; Sliced, ₩ lb. 12@ 14.

BUTTER—Country ₩ lb., 30@33, Choice Table, 35@38; Store 17@20.

BEANS—Marrow ₩ bush. $0 00@0 00; Pea $4 50@4 75; Blue Pod, $3 50@4 00.

CHEESE—New, 14@16c

FISH—Cod, large shore, ₩ quin. $5 00@5 50; large Bank ₩ quin $4 50@5 00; small Bank, ₩ quin. $2 75@3 00; Pollock, ₩ quin. $2 50@3 00; Haddock ₩ quin. $1 75@2 00; Hake $2 00@2 50; Herring, shore, ₩ bbl., $7 00@7 50; Scaled ₩ box, 35c@40c; No. 1 Herring ₩ box, 20@25c; Mackerel, ₩ bbl. — Bay No. 1, $16 00@17 00; Bay No. 2, $12.00@13 00; Shore No. 1, $13 50@14 50; Shore No. 2, $11.00@12.00, Shore No. 3, small $7.50@8.50

GRAIN—Rye, $1 75@1 80 Oats 80@83c. Mixed corn, $1.48@1.50. Yellow, $1.45@000; Barley, nominal, Shorts per ton $25@40.

HAY—₩ net ton, pressed, $18@20 00; loose $18@23.

HIDES AND SKINS—Western 19@20; Slaughter Hides, 9½ @ 11c; Calf Skins, 20@22c; Lamb Skins 65@ 75.

PRODUCE—Potatoes ₩ bbl, $3 00@3 25; Beef ₩ lb., 10@ 14c; Eggs ₩ doz., 45@50c; Turkeys, 18@25c; Chickens, 15@ 18c; Geese, 18@20; Onions, $1 50@1 25 ₩ bush.; Lamb, 8@10c; Veal 8@10c.—*Price Current.*

BOSTON MARKET.....Dec. 28.

FLOUR—Western Superfine, $8 75@9 25; Common extras at $9.50@10.50, Medium extras at $11.00@12.00; and good and choice, including favorite St. Louis brands, at $13.50@17.00 ₩ bbl

CORN—Western mixed, $1 38@1.43; yellow, $1.42@$1.42

OATS—Northern and Canada, 85@90c ₩ bush; P. E. Island 80@90c.

RYE—1 75 @ 1 80 ₩ bush. Shorts $35@$40; Fine Feed $40@ $2; and Middlings at $44@48 ₩ ton.

HAY—Sales from $25 to$ 30.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28 1867.

The market rules firm with a better demand than was expected towards the close of the year, and the advance in the course of trade, noted during the past two weeks, is well sustained. Considerable wool has changed hands during the past week, not to be consumed but taken on speculation, a fact that of itself indicates a better feeling and more confidence among the trade which could not exist unless there was pretty conclusive evidence that prices had touched bottom.

Sales for the week foot up 1,246,000 lbs, at a range of 27@60 cts for fleece and 21@48 cts for the various grades of pulled. Included in the former class are 3500 lbs medium Maine at 43 cents and in the latter 2000 lbs of Maine super at 42 cts. Also several lots of various grades of eastern wools at prices within the above quotations.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Dec. 22.

FLOUR—State, $8 30@10.55, round hoop Ohio, $9.70@13.00

WHEAT—No. 2 Milwaukee nom., $2.21@$2.25; Milwaukee Club .60.

RYE—Mixed western, 1.57@1.61

Special Notices.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

All those who are in favor of maintaining our present Prohibitory Legislation, as essential to the success of the Temperance cause, and all important for the peace, prosperity and morality of our people, are invited to assemble in a Mass Convention, at Augusta,

On Tuesday Evening, Jan. 14, 1868,

to consult together concerning the responsibilities and duties of the coming year.

The Convention will continue in session during the next day and evening.

The extraordinary efforts now being made by the Liquor Dealers and their friends to check the progress of prohibitory legislation in this country, their temporary success in Massachusetts, and their avowed purpose to do it in this State, call loudly upon us to awake, and organize for the conflict We are confident that no step backward will be taken; but our confidence comes from our reliance upon the men who have twice ratified prohibition by a popular vote, and who have always been ready to rally for its support.

Especially do we appeal to the Christians of this State, of all denominations. Nearly all of them are pledged, by public resolve to stand by our present law. And we call upon them all, laymen and clergymen, to come together for conference and prayer—that, by the blessing of God upon our efforts, Maine may still take the lead in the great work,—holding up a banner to cheer, and a light to guide, the noble company of men who are fighting the battle in other States, and other lands.

☞ All those who pass over Railroads to attend the Convention, will be furnished with return tickets *free*.

Woodbury Davis, W. H. Shailer, O. T. Moulton E. R. Keyes, Neal Dow, Charles Holden, Abner Lowell, Toppan Robie, O. A. Shackford, S. B. Cheney, A. D. Lockwood, J. G Snow, N. Dingly, Jr., H. K. Baker, Simon Page, C. W. Morse, C. O. Libby, E. G. Page, Alpheus Lyon, S. H. McCollester, J. C. White, J. S. Wheelwright, Solomon P. Fay, E. F. Duren, R. Dresser, C. G. McCully, J. W. Knowlton, Stephen Allen, A. J. Fletcher, A. G Wakefield, A. Battles, C. C. Everett, A. K. P. Small, Geo. Shepard, William Deering, J. A. Swan, E. W. Morton, H. F. Harding, S. Thurston, W. O. Thomas, Ezra F. Beal, D. B Randall, A. W. Parington, John J. Perry, H. G. Richborn, E. H. Starbird, S. D. Church, Geo. A. Thatcher, Walter Brown, E. D. Godfrey, J. B. Gould, A. M. Jones, J. A. Lobdell, Mark Gatchell, A. F. Holt, and others.

FANCY THE DISMAY

Which would prevail in thousands of Households

If it should be suddenly announced throughout the United States Canadas, the West Indies and Spanish America that no more HOSTETTER'S BITTERS would be manufactured, and that henceforth the Grand Specific for Dyspepsia, and preventive of all malarious diseases would be Lost to the World! The billous, the feeble, the despondent; the traveler, the voyager, the miner, the sedentary student; the settler on the frontier of civilization; the toiler, cooped up in crowded city tenements; the convalescent needing an invigorator; the shivering victim of ague, and the nervous of both sexes everywhere, would learn, with grief, too deep for words, that the most celebrated corrective, invigorant and alterative of the age, had been blotted out of existence. As a Preparatory Antidote to epidemic disease, a genial stimulant, a promoter of constitutional vigor, an appetiser, a stomachic, and a remedy for nervous debility, no medicinal preparation has ever attained the reputation of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. It is the HOUSEHOLD TONIC of the AMERICAN PEOPLE—has been so for twenty years, and in all human probability will be so for centuries to come. The magnates of Science recognize its merits; and that it is emphatically the medicine of the masses is proved by its vast and ever increasing sales. 1m4

R. R. R. Radway's Ready Relief, is the cheapest and best Family Medicine in the world. The moment it is used, pain ceases. It cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Billous Colic, Inflammation of the Kidneys, almost instantly. If seized with sudden Colds, Coughs, Influenza, Diptheria, Hoarseness, Sore Throat Chills, Fever and Ague, Mercurial Pains, Scarlet Fever, &c., &c., take from four to six of Radway's Pills, and also take a teaspoonful of the Ready Relief in a glass of warm water, sweetened with sugar or honey; bathe the throat, head and chest with Ready Relief, (if Ague or Intermittent Fever, bathe the spine also,) in the morning you will be cured.

How the Ready Relief Acts! In a few minutes the patient will feel a slight tingling irritation, and the skin becomes reddened; if there is much distress in the stomach, the Relief will assist nature in removing the offending cause,—a general warmth is felt throughout the entire body, and its diffusive stimulating properties rapidly courses through every vein and tissue of the system, arousing the slothful and paralyzed glands and organs to renewed and healthy action; perspiration follows, and the surface of the body feels increased heat. The sickness at stomach, colds, chills, headache, oppressed breathing, the soreness of the throat, and all pains, either internally, or externally; rapidly subside, and the patient falls into a tranquil sleep, awakes refreshed, invigorated, cured.

It will be found that in using the Relief externally, either on the spine or across the kidneys, or over the stomach and bowels, that for several days after a pleasing warmth will be felt, showing the length of time it continues its influence over the diseased parts.

☞ Price of R. R. Relief, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists and Country Merchants, Grocers, &c. See Dr. Radway's Almanac for 1868. 2w3

NEWPORT, Me., June 7, 1867.

Messrs. J. H. Harris & Co.:—Gents—I write to acknowledge the benefit I have derived from "Allen's Lung Balsam." One year ago I had a severe attack of Hemorrhage of the Lungs. Was confined to the house for months, part of the time raising more or less blood each day. My Physician said my left lung was quite badly diseased. My friends had almost given me up to die with Consumption. In the month of February your Agent was at my Father's house, and hearing me cough, he brought me in a bottle of Allen's Lung Balsam telling me to try it and see the result. I laughed at the idea, but to please my friends, I began to to take it freely at first as directed, until I raised large quantities of phlegm and matter. When this matter was once thrown off I felt greatly relieved, my cough grew better each day, I have not raised any blood since I first began to use the Balsam, my cough is entirely well not even a heak, I am able to work all day if necessity requires, and Allen's Lung Balsam has wrought this cure. I have taken four bottles of it, and am cured entirely. I feel to-day that I owe my good health entirely to Allen's Lung Balsam.

With sincere gratitude, I am very truly yours, &c.,
MRS. L. A. STUBBS.
2t4

A True Story. Tripping down the stairway once long ago, we fell shattering a large, lighted fluid lamp. In a moment the blaze wrapped us around like a fiery serpent. Every tragedy has a comic side; Bridget tossed the baby on the bed, and ran for water; aunt Mary seized the spread to extinguish the flames, and pulled baby down on the floor; Jane came up from the kitchen and put out every light then burning "because the house was afire," and Bridget, returning with a tub of water, tumbled down upset the water, and bumped her nose. Meanwhile we rolled over and over on the parlor floor, till the flame was extinguished when one arm was found to be terrib y burned.

Then how quickly Davis Pain Killer soothed the pain, and to day, with a hand unmarred by any scar, we write the praises of Pain Killer, valuable for many an ill and ache.—*Manchester N. H) Every Month.* 2t3

ABERDEEN, Eng., Oct. 24, 1867.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son:—Gents—It is with the greatest pleasure that I send you this testimonial of the efficacy of your invaluable medicine, the Pain Killer. I was suffering greatly a few weeks ago from severe pains about the kidneys and excessive weakness in the back, accompanied with nauseous sickness, confined to my bed, when a friend who had known and experienced great good from your Pain Killer, brought me a bottle, which I used with the best results, and am now free from all pains and sickness. A. SHIRREFFS.

Sold everywhere. 2weop2

Oriental Detersive Soap. This is decidedly the best and greatest labor-saving Soap in the world. It is made upon a new principle, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. One pound of it will go as far as three of any other family soap. Clothes need no boiling, very little hard rubbing, no washboard required. Over two hundred thousand families are now using it. For sale by dealers everywhere.
Manufactured only by
MCKEONE, VAN HAAGEN & CO.,
6meop50 Philidelphia and New York.

"FISHER'S COUGH DROPS"

Will, if taken in season, break up any cough, and prevent *Consumption*. It has in many cases cured the patient when given up by the physician, and is especially recommended to those who are troubled with night coughs, as it insures a sweet and refreshing sleep.

NASON, SYMONDS & CO., Kennebunk, Me., Proprietors; GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, General Agents. Sold by all druggists. 6m43

Turner's Tic Doloureux or Universal Neuralgia Pill is a safe, certain and speedy Cure for Neuralgia and all Nervous Diseases. The severest cases are completely and permanently cured in a very short time. Neuralgia in the face or head is utterly banished in a few hours. No form of Nervous disease withstands its magic influence. It has the unqualified approval of many eminent physicians. It contains nothing injurious to the most delicate system. Sold everywhere. Sent on receipt of $1.00 and two postage stamps.

TURNER & CO.,
1y30 120 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., Proprietors.

ITCH! ITCH!! ITCH!!!

Scratch! Scratch!! Scratch!!! in from 10 to 48 hours Wheaton's Ointment cures the Itch, Wheaton's Ointment cures Salt Rheum, Wheaton's Ointment cures Tetter, Wheaton's Ointment cures Barber's Itch, Wheaton's Ointment cures Old Sores, Wheaton's Ointment cures every kind of Humor like magic.

Price 50 cents a box; by mail, 60 cents. Address WEEKS & POTTER, No. 170 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. For sale by all Druggists.
Boston, August 26, 1866. 1y39

"The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, is not one of those ephemeral nostrums that are forgotten in the same year they are born. A reputation of forty years standing, and an increasing popularity, is pretty good evidence of its value." Get the genuine. REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Boston, Proprietors. 1m3

Whiskers. DR. LAMONTE'S CORSILLIA will force Whiskers upon the smoothest face, or Hair upon Bald Heads Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO. 48 Nassau St., New York. 1y30

To make the world better you must make the people wiser To learn how to purify the blood is the first step towards wisdom. Use Dr. J. W. Poland's Humor Doctor for all diseases of the blood. Sold by all Druggists.

Married.

In Augusta, Dec. 31, by Rev J S Bingham, Capt Edward C Pierce, of Springfield, Mass, to Miss Mary, eldest daughter of J S Sayward, Esq, of this city.

In North Vassalboro, Dec. 28th, by Rev. J. A. Varney, Ivory W. Appleton to Althea J. Wyman.

In Bristol, Dec. 11, by David Chamberlain, Esq., Mr. George W. Hinds to Eudora B. Smith.

In Morrill, Dec. 21st, by H. T. Strout, Esq., Capt. Ephriam W. Wiley of Morrill, to Lizzie T. Rose, of Montville.

In Livermore, Dec. 25, by Charles L. Metcalf to Cynthia D. Neal, both of Turner.

Died.

In Augusta, Dec. 27, Miss Mary Holcomb.

In Skowhegan, Dec. 14, Hon. William Rowell, aged 68 yrs.

In Livermore, Dec. 27, Flora Hersey, aged 20 yrs.

In Kennebunk, Dec. 23, William Drown, aged 68 yrs.

In Canton, Dec. 23, Lydia Hathaway, relict of the late Dea. Gilbert Hathaway, aged 96 yrs.

In N. New Portland, Dec. 21, Aggie M., youngest daughter of Dr. W. H. and Elvira Stevens, aged 13 yrs.

PIANO FORTE TUNING AND REPAIRING.

The undersigned, of Boston, intends visiting this city every three months to Tune Instruments. Written orders sent through Post Office in care of Prof. M. Mulliken, or Augusta Housekeld receive prompt attention. Orders in envelope left at either of the above places will ensure attention. E. H HOOPER.
Augusta, Dec. 28th, 1867. 10t4*

AT PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE.

Bennett's choice Flavoring Extract's, Pure Spices, Gelatine, Tamarinds, White Pepper, Horsford's Cream Tartar Substitute, Pure Cream Tartar, Pure Soda, Citron, Fine Mustard Flour in bulk, Solage Oil, Extra Starch, English Gerkin Pickles, Farina, Maizena, &c., &c. 4tf

DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL,

The Celebrated Oculist and Aurist.

In compliance with numerous requests, for his valuable services from all parts of the State, has

RETURNED TO AUGUSTA,

And will remain during the Winter at the

MANSION HOUSE,

Where he can be consulted daily on

Deafness, Catarrh, Blindness,

And all the various diseases of the

EYE, EAR, THROAT AND LUNGS. 4

EVERY FAMILY

Should be supplied with *it*, no man, woman, and child should be without *it*, every human being may have *it*, as *it* is cheap, and of the *best* quality.

TWENTY-FIVE CAKES FINE GLYCERINE OR HONEY SOAP FOR ONE DOLLAR.

The trade supplied at manufacturers' prices.

50 Gross For Sale by TITCOMB & DORR'S,

West end Ken. Bridge. 4tf

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

SAMUEL HARRIS, D. D., President of the College.
JOHN S. TENNY, L. L. D., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence.
ISRAEL T. DANA, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine.
WILLIAM C. ROBINSON, M. D., Professor of Medica and Therapeutics.
GORDON L. FORD, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.
CYRUS F. BRACKETT, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy.
WM. WARREN GREENE, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
THEO. H. JEWETT, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children
H. H. SEAVEY, M. D. Demonstrator of Anatomy.

The Forty-eight Annual Course of Lectures in the Medical School of Maine, will commence **February 20, 1868,** and continue sixteen weeks. Circulars containing full information, may be obtained by applying to the Secretary.

C. F. BRACKETT, M. D., Sec'y.
Brunswick, Jan. 1, 1868. 6w4

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.

Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG, 94 Columbia St., New York City. 1m4

1868. THE NATION. 1868.

SIXTH VOLUME.

"Perhaps the ablest newspaper in the United States."—*London Saturday Review.*

"A Radical journal of acknowledged power and respectability."—*London Times.*

"Written by men of ability for a cultivated audience."—*London Pall Mall Gazette.*

TERMS: $5 per annum; Clergymen, $4.
1m4 E. L. GODKIN & CO., New York.

THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM.

For Coughs, Colds and Consumption, is not one of those ephemeral nostrums that are forgotten in the same year they are born. A reputation of *forty year's* standing, and an increasing popularity, is pretty good evidence of its value." Get the genuine. REED CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Boston, Proprietors. 1m4

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.

Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. S. FULLUM, Springfield, Vt. 4t4

THE PLACE IN AUGUSTA TO BUY

Pure Medicines,
Fine Toilet Preparations,
Fancy Goods,
Choice Havana Cigars,

And all articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store

Low for Cash is at PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE,

Cor. Water St. & Market Square.

I sell 25 CAKES of

COLGATE'S PURE GLYCERINE OR HONEY SOAP

FOR ONE DOLLAR.

CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE. 4tf

CAPRON'S IMPROVED BRICK MACHINE.

It uses clay direct from the bank—water being used if not sufficiently moist. It tempers the clay thoroughly; presses it into the mould; and raises the brick out of the moulds ready to be removed and PACKED UP without drying on the yard.

For Circulars apply to

S. G. BEECHER,

New Milford, Litchfield County, Conn., Sole Agent for the New England States.

Manufacturer's Office:
414* No. 5 Murray St, New York City.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Joseph A. Shaw of Augusta, County of Kennebec, on the 6th day of June, 1866, by his mortgage deed of that date, recorded in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds, Book 227 page 73, conveyed to us in mortgage two certain lots of land situated on the East side of the Kennebec river in Augusta, which are specifically described in said deed to which reference is made for full description.

The conditions of said mortgage have been broken, and by reason thereof we claim to foreclose the same.

JOHN BARROWS,
Augusta, Dec. 28, 1867. B. A. G. FULLER.
3w4*

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received on or before the 10th of Jan. 1868, at the Office of F. H FASSETT, Architect, Casco Bank Block, Middle Street, Portland, for furnishing rough Ashlar, and hammered Trimmings of Granite, for the Payson Memorial Church. The Committee do not engage to take the lowest, or any bid unless deemed satisfactory. The plans and specifications can be examined at the Office of the Architect and all necessary information will be given.

Per order of Building Committee.
2t4

IN BANKRUPTCY.

District of Maine, ss. At Farmington, the 17th of December, A. D 1867.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of Seward P. Vining, of Avon, in the County of Franklin and State of Maine within said District, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt, upon his own petition, by the District Court of said District. ANDREW C. PHILIPS, Assignee.
Dated at Farmington, Dec. 18 1867. 3w4

FOR SALE.

One Jersey bull calf from a choice imported cow. One Jersey bull from imported stock just commencing service. One 2 Jersey heifer calf. Two pairs extra-ordinary sized half bred Dutch yearlings—steers never fed with grain.

T. S. LANG.
N. Vassalboro', Dec. 23, 1867. 2w4

COUGH MEDICINES.

Hungarian Balsam, West's Botanic Balsam, Coe's Balsam, Warren's Balsam, Hall's Balsam, Allen's Lung Balsam, Balsam Wild Cherry, Cherry Pectoral, Wood's Lung Balsam, Arabian Balsam, Pulmonary Balsam, &c., for sale at FULLER'S Drug Store. 4tf

FREEDOM NOTICE.

This certifies that I have given to my son George A. Norris, his time during the remainder of his minority, and I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date. SAWYER B. NORRIS.
Wayne, December, 13th, 1867. 3t4

CHURCH PROPERTY FOR SALE.

A Black Walnut Pulpit, two hundred and fifty Black Walnut Pews of superior quality and workmanship, Frecstone Moulded Doorway, Portable Furnaces, Settees &c., in the Rowe Street Baptist Church, to be removed about the first of July.

Societies about building will find it their interest to apply to WELLINGTON BROS. & CO., 108 Devonshire St. Boston Dec. 19th, 1867. 4t4

AT PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE

Is the finest assortment in this city of Hair Brushes, Clothes, Teeth and Nail Brushes, Pomades, Hair Oils and Restorers, Lubins and other choice Perfumeries, and every thing of Toilet and fancy goods usually kept by Druggists, SOLD HERE. 4tf

AT PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE

All Medicines are warranted to purchrsers to be fine and genuine. 4tf

FRESH DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

The best can be found at F. W. KINSMAN'S new Drug Store Bradbury & Smith's new Block, opposite Mrs. Hodges' Millinery Store. Give him a call. 1t4

SPLENDID OIL CLOTH RUGS,

Also Oil Cloth Carpetings, at M. G. BROOKS'. 3t1

EVERYBODY

Should buy their Books, Stationery, &c., of PATTERSON. He is selling lower than anyone else in Augusta. 2m48

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Poetry.

A BREAD AND BUTTER PARADISE.

"I do not say that it is the duty of great intellects to be content with a bread and butter paradise."—*Thackara.*

The window shutters in front were closed,
But I saw shining the gleam of the light,
And now my Bessie had supper ready,
As I came home from work to-night.

Work all done for the day again,
And never an ugly care in my breast,
I stopped to peep through a crack in the shutter,
Thinking, was ever a man more blest.

The tea-kettle singing a song on the stove,
The cloth all laid, with plates for four;
And there was Maggie a-holding the baby,
And Tommy a-playing along the floor,

And Bessie, dear Bessie, my darling wife,
Stood turning the eggs in the spider a-frying;
And the clock ticking away on the bureau,
And pussy-cat under the stove a-lying.

Well! I was a fool to-day, for sure,
A-looking at Congressman Bigg go by,
And feeling in envy of him with his plenty,
And thinking him all so much richer than I.

He's got a big house of his own, I know,
And money to buy him a dozen more;
But he couldn't buy what's round my table,
When supper is eating—there's plates for four.

Bessie and Maggie, and Tommy—all mine!
And the house, and the furniture in it too;
"Bless your brown eyes," said I, "my Bessie,
What wouldn't Bigg give for a wife like you!"

With that I opened the door, and sent
My dinner-pail rolling along the floor;
"Why John!" cries Bessie; "Hollo!" shouts Tommy,
"Come in," says Maggie, "and shut the door."

"Why, mother," says I, with a father's joy,
A-stroking my dear little girlie's hair,
"Who's this young woman that, all on a sudden,
Has got so afraid of a bit of air?"

"It's the baby, papa," says my curly head;
So for baby and all of 'em one good smack;
And then to the supper, with him in his cradle,
A winking contentedly on his back.

Then I thought again of Congressman Bigg,
With his riches and honor, and a l he's got,
As I looked at Bessie, so clean and cheerful,
A pouring the tea from the bright tin pot.

And Tommy is eating his bread and butter,
And Maggie, my girlie, is eating hers;
And I breathe a prayer to Him in heaven,
He never will give them a home that's worse.

Our Story-Teller.

THE TELL-TALE PICTURE.

"Yes," said the old artist, "you are undoubtedly right, the special power of those who may be truly called the great masters of portrait painting was their ability to bring out upon the canvas not the mere everyday face of their subject, as it might be known to his most casual acquaintances, but his *inner life.* They seemed, at times, to have painted the soul rather than the body."

"What a pity," I answered, "that we have no living masters to whom such power has been given!"

"I am not so sure of that," said he; "at all events, I know of one at least, who is now living, in whom this faculty was developed in a very high degree."

"Who was he? Where could he be found? I will be bail that he has sent nothing to the Academy of Design since my day."

"He does not paint any more. At least he will paint no more portraits; but I believe there are few of his friends besides myself who know the reason why. If you have time, and will light another Havana, you may find the story worth hearing, though, of course, I must use names of my own invention."

Anything with a touch of romance or mystery about it had always a charm for me, and so I prepared to hear the story. The old artist was a very good *raconteur*, and, after a few preliminary whiffs, he began:

"Paul Maynard was, in the eyes of all who knew him, one of the favorites of the Fates; he was young, rich, handsome, and a genius. He loved his art for his art's sake, and was rapidly winning a most enviable reputation.

It is the custom, in spite of Titian and Vandyke, and the rest, to look down upon portrait painting as one of the lower walks of art, but Paul did not share the notion. Portrait painting was his forte, and some of his pictures were truly wonderful. There were not many pictures that he cared to paint, and for most people he would not paint at all; but the most 'sphinx-like' faces, if that's a fair expression, came out upon his canvas *interpreted.* Nor were all his interpretations flattering by any means. Some people made haste to burn their likenesses as soon as possible after obtaining possession.

He himself did not attempt to explain his power, but I used to think that there was something uncanny about his deep gray eyes while he was at work, and he disliked spectators exceedingly.

It was a matter of course that such a man should fall in love, and he did full justice to his artist perception of the beautiful in making choice of Camilla Vraine. Such a face she had! perfectly classical, and with just enough of color flushing at times through its marble paleness to keep you from being reminded of the cold beauty of some old Greek statue. In the very arrangement of her dark hair she seemed, whether consciously or not, to follow the antique. Her eyes were large, dark, and lustrous, with an unreadable something in them that fascinated you even more than the extreme sweetness of their everyday expression. Everybody envied Paul his success, for it soon became plain that his love was passionately returned. Paul was indeed the favorite of the Fates.

Camilla was only seventeen, and old Vraine, though pleased with the match, exercised his parental authority gently but firmly, and postponed the wedding for a year, during which time he proposed to make a trip to Europe with his daughter.

'When they returned, if both were of the same mind' (you know what prudent fathers are apt to say) and the young lovers, after some chafing and a good many vows of constancy, dutifully submitted. A year was an age to look forward to, but it would soon pass away. After all, what was one year to a love like theirs?

Much as Paul admired the wondrous beauty of his betrothed, he had never essayed to portray it. Not but he had often thought of doing so, but whenever he had half determined to put his thought in practice an indefinable something kept him back. Something nearly akin to superstition seems to be a necessary part of such a nature as Pauls, and in him it was stronger than usual.

Now, however, that Camilla was going away, now that he could no longer feast his eyes upon the lovely original, he so far overcame his unreasonable reluctance as to ask her to sit to him for a likeness.

'I only want your face, Camilla, to smile on me when you are beyond the seas.'

A strange expression of pain and bewilderment shot across the fair face, and if Paul had not been blind he would have seen that it was with a feeling of extreme reluctance that Camilla at last yielded to his entreaties. Her consent once given, however, her disinclination seemed to pass away entirely, and she was more than usually merry and cheerful during the few brief hours which the time permitted her to pass in the luxurious studio of her artist lover.

Paul worked diligently, and, though evidently hastily done, the portrait was a master-piece of art, and received the warm encomiums of the few near friends who were permitted to see it. Paul had laughingly forbidden Camilla so much as one look while the work was in progress; but when, at last, full of loving pride at what he justly deemed his success, he exhibited to his beautiful 'subject' the exquisitely truthful image of herself which had grown so swiftly under his subtle fingers, he was astonished that again a deadly paleness, and the same expression of puzzled pain took the place of the approving smiles which he had been expecting.

'Oh, Paul, it is perfect! But I do not want you to keep that picture. Do not keep it!'

'Not keep it, Camilla! Why not? You are not jealous of your own picture, are you?'

'I do not know; it is so strange. Well, I suppose I am foolish, and you must have your way. Perhaps, I shall change, and not be like that when I return.'

'Then,' said Paul, 'I shall have to paint something more beautiful still. But your heart will not change, Camilla?'

'No, Paul, never! But the eyes; how perfectly you have painted the eyes!'

'Indeed I have not,' said Paul; and that is just where I find fault with myself. I shall try and improve them after you are gone.'

'Oh no, Paul!' exclaimed Camilla. 'Do not touch them. Promise me that you will leave them as they are—promise me!'

Paul readily gave the desired promise, and it was but a few days from that time that he found himself alone in his studio, with no better company than the portrait; while the beloved original was far away on her journey those classic regions to whose earlier and better day she seemed so truly to belong. Sorely was he tempted to attempt the work of retouching and improving the cherished likeness; but he was restrained by his promise to Camilla.

Week after week went by, and if the truth must be told, many an hour that should have been given to work or study was spent by the foolish lover in dwelling upon the one idol for which his "chapel of art" was a shrine. Still, as he gazed upon it again and again, a strange feeling of almost shuddering uneasiness would at times come over him. In vain he sought for its cause, either in his own mind or in the picture. Certainly every line of that sweet face was truthful, he had even ventured to transfer to the canvas the smile of love with which she had watched him at his labor.

The feeling grew upon him until he was half inclined to hate that which he had at first very nearly worshipped.

Letters came and went, and Camilla wrote enthusiastically of he edjoyment of all the treasures of Art which the Old World has inherited from the past.—For a long time she semed to studiously avoid any allusion to the picture, but at last a letter arrived dated at Rome, in which after dwelling with feverish and somewhat extravagant eloquence upon her experiences in the Eternal City, Camilla adjured her lover to send her the portrait at once.

"Do not fail," she said, "if you love me. I cannot explain myself but I shall be forever unhappy if you refuse my request. Send it to me *at once.*

The letter closed with more than usually warm expressions of affection, and Paul felt that he must comply with her request. He was almost surprised at himself to find that he did so with so little of real reluctance.

"Ah," he thought, "her face is so clearly painted on my memory and on my heart that I do not need any reminder.

And so the picture was sent. Camilla was still at Rome when the coveted treasure arrived. Could she have desired to compare it with any of the matchless achievements of the old masters upon which she had been so long feasting her eyes? No; she would have given more for that one picture than for all the art treasures in Rome.

There was a fire in her room, for the day was of that raw and chilly kind which ushers in the Italian winter, and Camilla had always been sensitive in matters of temperature. She sat cowering before it alone, and the negligence of her toilet accorded well with the troubled and mournful expression of her face. Her cheeks were flushed, and the long folds of her hair fell heavily over her rounded shoulders.

"Will it never come?" she murmured. "Oh! why did I let him have it? I must have been—"Here she was interrupted by a low knock at the door, and a servant entered, bearing a square parcel, evidently packed with great care.

"A package for mademoiselle," said she. "it has just arrived." And she lingered a moment, as if with a hope that her curiosity would be gratified with a sight of its contents.

A gleam of pleasure shot across the face of her mistress as she took the parcel, but she said hastily. You may go Lisette!" and the inquisitive French girl had the mortification of hearing the door bolted behind her.

The flush alternated with a marble paleness on the cheeks of Camilla as she tore off with trembling hands the many strong coverings of the package, and she fairly screamed with delight as she at last held up for an earnest scrutiny the coveted treasure—*the portrait.*

"At last I have it! Oh, Paul, your fatal skill! but it shall never tell tales of me now—never! Has it told any? Does he suspect? He must never know. What if he has, would he tell? I will not let even him tell tales of me, much less this bit of painted canvas. If he did not see it he was blind. There it is. *I* can see it! I saw it then, but I did not know what it was I know now, but no body else ever shall. It is my own secret and I shall keep it. Fire does not tell any tales.

She stirred up the glowing coals with nervous energy for a moment, and then, the picture, with its slight and graceful frame, was laid, face downward, upon the consuming mass. For a few moments it smoked, crackled, and blazed, then nothing but ashes remained of the evidence of the weird skill of Paul Maynard.

"Safe now!" she muttered, almost fiercely, "fire tells no tales;" and again she sat down before the fire with a somewhat quieter expression upon her face, and now and then breathing long sighs of relief, as if she had been delivered from some great peril.

Perhaps, if she could have looked in upon Paul in his studio that afternoon she might not have been as well satisfied. At first Paul experienced a positive feeling of relief over the absence of his usual company; but as the days went by he began to long for its presence again.

"She has not forbidden me," he thought, "to paint another; and I will surprise her on her return with a portrait that will be as much superior to that as Titian is to a sign-painter."

And so, in an evil hour, he sat down to what he regarded as pre-eminently a labor of love. He had plenty of time now, and he threw his whole soul into the work. He entirely neglected society, and almost forgot to eat. Her face came up in his memory more and more vividly as he labored; and day by day the colors on the canvass assumed more and more nearly an almost living semblance of the beloved image. He himself was astonished at his wonderful success.

"It will do all but speak," he said to himself. "But then the eyes; that must be my greatest triumph. And what eyes she has!"

It was with something of his old feeling of dread, nevertheless, that he approached this part of his work, which he had purposely left until the last; and the feeling grew upon him as he went on. More than a month had now elapsed since he had parted with the first picture, and for that whole time he had received no word from Camilla. This had annoyed him, although her seeming silence could readily be accounted for in many ways. He had sat before his easel all that day, somewhat pale from overwork and confinement, but congratualting himself that his love-work was so nearly completed. Slowly he toiled away, touch after touch, utterly absorbed in his employment, and recalling, with thrills of pleasure so keen as to be half-way pain, a thousand fleeting expressions which he had so fondly watched in happy days gone by.

"Oh, if I could only paint them all!" he muttered.

But his fatal genius was sadly choosing for him the one expression which was to look out upon him from the unfathomable eyes of Camilla.

Already the light from the high window was beginning to soften with the waning day when, as he laid by his pencil, the young artist drew fondly back to gaze upon his finished work.

For a moment he gazed lovingly and admiringly upon the exquisite curve of the proud neck, and almost speaking lips, the perfect contour of the noble head; but then the eyes of the picture caught and irresistably chained his own, and the smile of satisfaction fled from his face. What fearful meaning was that which he had so deftly painted?

His white lips parted with a whisper; "God in heaven! Can it be possible? Is it truth, or am I—"

The door had opened noiselessly, and one of his most confidential friends approached him with an open letter in his hand, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, said:

"Paul, my friend, read this; it will explain the picture."

Paul's hand closed mechanically upon the paper, and his eyes fell with expanding horror upon the words to which his friend pointed. They read thus:

"You must break it to Paul, for I cannot. I have long feared it, and now it has come. We have put her into an asylum at Lyons, but the physicians all say that there is no hope. Since it must be thus, I thank God that they also assure me that her sufferings will be brief. I shall not return to America."

I watched with Paul all that night, and during the brain-fever which followed. His genius had truly read and interpreted the latent madness in those beautiful eyes; and Camilla, with the keen perception and cunning instinct for concealment which belongs to insanity, had seen what others had not.

I do not know that Paul ever again touched his easel though Camilla has slept for many a year under the soil of France.

But for that one tell-tale picture we might have had another great artist, and I burned it while Paul was in bed with the fever. I suppose he imagined as much, as he never asked any questions about it.

"Polly's Old Sweetheart."

"No use saying any more?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, there's not money enough left. Of course, if he had told me so before his death, I should have looked after the place and made myself a farmer in station, as well as in work; but I really thought I should be able to play the part of "gentleman Giles," and go hunting four days a week in the season. Now he's gone, there's not enough left to work the farm properly, let alone keeping two or three fine-skins to eat their heads off. Besides, I can't stand being patronized. Met young Sir William yesterday.—"Mr. White,"—used to be "Sam,"—"I've heard about the state of affairs; if it will be of any service to you, I'll take the gray mare off your hands at sixty." "Thank you, Sir William Monk," said I, "I'm much obliged; but I've refused eighty for her once or twice." "Well, well, if you like to send anything from the farm up to the House, they shall take it at the market rates. It may help you a bit, you know, Mr. White." "Thank you, Sir William Monk," said I, not very gratefully, I'm afraid. He meant well, I don't doubt; but, confound it, I can't stand being patronized by a man I was hand-and-glove with; so I must go and see whether the sun shines any brighter the other side of the world."

"You might, you know, Sam, put the screw on for a year or two."

"That's true enough; but I can't load up manure carts here with all the people looking on. No, I shall go—I know a little about cattle."

"Almost too much, Sam."

"Don't laugh at me, Nunky; on my life she was all right when you had her."

"Yes, and went dead lame two days afterwards. Oh Sam! you should have spared me."

"So I would have done, only you insisted on having her."

"Well, perhaps I did; but you certainly had got her into very fine form when she came, and I wouldn't take twice the money for her now."

"Well, you see I have a prospect; and I'm off next week."

"What will Polly say?"

"Ah! poor little Polly! Here she is."

"Polly, Sam's going to Australia next week. He won't be able to marry you before he goes."

"I shouldn't like to be married before he goes. I shall only be eleven next birthday, and mamma says people ought not to be married till they're eighteen or nineteen, or more; so I'll wait till he comes back."

"But suppose I never come back, Polly?"

"Then I won't marry any one at all."

"Never?"

"No; never. You said I was to be your little wife when I gave you the flowers and sewed the button on your coat. You took off the little gold medal with a hole in it from your watch chain to pay me. So it's all settled, and I shan't marry any one else. You must come and fetch me when I'm old enough."

"Oh, it will be no use; you'll be married to Frank Monk, and be a lady then."

"What! that stupid boy? I hate him! Last time he was here he pushed in the eyes of my baby-doll, and melted her poor nose against the kitchen bars. No; I never will marry a cruel boy like that. He might poke my eyes in with his dirty fingers."

"Well, well, Polly; I'll come back, if you'll wait for me, then."

"Of course I will. When are you going?"

"Next week. I'll bring you a keepsake before I go."

"I don't want anything, Sam,—except——"

"Well? Except?"

"I was going to say—if I might have 'Gip,' only to take care of for you, you know."

"Have him?"—I shall be only too glad to find so kind a little mistress for him; I'll bring him down next time I come. Good bye, Polly. Of course, as you are my 'little wife,' I must kiss you."

"Of course you must, Sam."

"Gip" was duly brought down, and after a long leave-taking, Sam was gone."

When Polly had dried her eyes she said:

"Mamma, what's that ring on your finger? not the wedding one—the other?"

"That's a keeper."

"No, not that; the one with an emerald in it?"

"That's what papa gave me when I was engaged to him."

"What for?"

"I don't know; because it's customary to wear one, I suppose."

"Don't you think Sam ought to have given me one, mamma—so as to show everybody I'm engaged?"

"Bless the child! He's nearly old enough to be your father. Run along and finish your sewing."

"Never mind, mamma, I've got the little gold medal with a hole in it, and I can show them that, can't I?"

* * * * * *

"Mr. Halstead's been here again to-day. That's the fourth time this week. What on earth does he want here?"

"To tell the truth, I think he wants Polly."

"Oh, indeed! Our little Polly, too."

"Now, John, 'Little Polly!' She's a very well-grown girl, and was twenty-two yesterday."

"Twenty-two! How time flies! It seems but a little while since Sam White went away, and yet it must be nearly twelve years."

"We ought to have a letter this mail; it's nearly six months since the last, John. I wish that he would not write at all; that girl will never get settled through that nonsense. She'll wait and wait, and then he'll bring a wife home."

"There's no hurry. Bless my heart, wife! Why you were seven-and-twenty when I married you."

"That was your fault. I was quite ready and willing years before, if you'd only spoken up like a man."

"I tell you what, wife, it's a serious thing—this proposing."

"Well, I hope the result has proved as pleasant as the prospect was serious."

"All right, old lady, all right! There's not much to grumble at."

Why any spectator, had there been one, should have seen Mrs. Hazel sitting on her husband's knee with her arm round his neck and tears in her eyes, I don't know; but so it was.

"But about Mr. Halstead, John?"

"Well, my dear, if he speaks to me—as, I suppose, being a curate, he will—I shall give him leave to speak to her. I need not ask what you would do. I know that every woman would like to have one of her daughters married to a parson, though I'm sure I don't know why."

"They're very nice people, John, that's why; much better than stupid farmers."

"Oh! Why didn't you marry a curate, then—you had two chances?"

"Because—because—I preferred a stupid, pipe-smoking farmer, like a foo—like a wise woman, John, dear."

"All right, old lady, I'll give my consent."

In due time consent was asked and given, and Polly refused the curate, tenderly and kindly; offering him sisterly affection, which was not exactly what he wanted. And he laid his plaint before her father.

"She says she's engaged, sir, and showed me a medal."

And thereupon explanations were given, and the curate went home worse than ever; so bad, indeed, that in three months' time, being of good family, he was obliged to be consoled by one of seven girls at the vicarage, and as nobody said anything about his little affair at the farm, Polly attended in a sisterly way as one of the bridesmaids, as "it would not do, you know, to have only sisters, though there *are* six of them."

Another year went by, and Mrs. Hazel had her way; there was no letter from Sam.

Farmers and doctors, and another curate, too, had laid siege to the fortress of Polly's heart and been beaten off, and compelled to retreat in despair.

Polly was as bright and lively, and did up her abundant hair in the same ravishing masses as ever; but she had no love for any one.

Old "Gip," toothless and a little blind, used to trot about the place after her or be carried in her arms; but as for grief or care, Polly seemed to know them not.

At last her winter came.

"Who do you think has come back, Polly?"

"Sam."

"Yes—and his wife."

"No, father—no—don't say it. He would not—could not—after all these years."

"Didn't I tell you so, Polly? I knew he would; they always do bring back wives."

"Are you sure, father?"

"No; but old Gatherwood told me he saw them in the town. Sam, who has grown brown and bearded and stout, and a little foreign looking woman, very young, with him."

Poor Polly went to bed with a dreadful heartache—after all these years!

Next morning they had hardly done breakfast when a chaise was driven up to the door by Sam himself, and a lady was in it.

Poor Polly ran to the door with her father and mother to welcome him home.

"Put your foot on the step, Nina."

"Yes, uncle," said Nina, with a slightly foreign accent.

Polly no sooner heard the words than she ran away without a word and went up stairs and had a good cry, and then came down all blushing and happy to see Sam.

"What! This Polly! My little Polly!—this fine tall Hebe, my little Polly? I don't believe it! Oh, Polly, how you have grown! I suppose she won't mind my having a kiss after all these years, whoever he is;" and then he kissed trembling Polly on the cheek—once—and then talked to her father.

He had forgotten all—this stout, bearded man—who was as brown as a gipsy and looked as old as her father! Was it for this she had waited? This rough-looking, loud-talking, smoke-smelling man—this was what she had waited thirteen years for!

And this his welcome!

And then Polly was obliged to think of her little guest.

Who was Nina?

Well, Nina was Nina.

Well, then, she was with her father and mother, a child then of three years old, on board the ship going out, and took a fancy to Sam and Sam to her; and when the ship was wrecked off Cape Patton he had managed to swim to shore with her. The father and mother were both drowned, and the child thus saved became his, and he took care of it; and this was Nina, his little niece or daughter, and course and everything.

Old Mr. Hazel insisted on their staying until they could move to the old place bought by Sam, and so they used to idle away the time, those three drones, all day long.

Nina, as became her Italian nature, could do nothing but gather flowers and sing and dress herself; and Sam said he had worked so hard on land, he wanted a land-holiday as well as a sea one; and then Nina wanted taking care of, and Polly went with them. After a little, Sam got cross, and ate nothing, and took long walks, and long rides, and drank vinegar, and talked in a low tone of voice, and stammered, and blushed, and then left off kissing Polly at night, and then left off kissing her at all, and then, one day, Polly found herself crying in his arms, with her tears being kissed away, before she well knew how she had come there; and after that Sam talked loud, and smoked, and left off drinking vinegar, and behaved again like a rational being, so much so that one day he was allowed to take Polly to church, and have an interview with the minister, after which they wrote their names in a book, and the bells rang, as if no names had ever been written in the book before.

It happened some weeks after this, as Polly and Sam were sitting on the beach, that Polly said,—

"Sam, dear, I want to ask you one thing."

"Well, Polly?"

"When did you first think—you know—after you came home?"

"Well, do you remember one day Nina and I were sitting down on the garden seat, and you came to fetch us in to tea, with old Gip trotting after you, and Nina was making me up a bunch of flowers?"

"Yes, Sam, I remember."

"Well, dear, I asked you for a flower."

"Yes, I remember."

"And you plucked a rose with a little leaf and ——"

"Put it in your coat. Was it then?"

"Yes, Polly, it was—when you came so close to me that I could almost hear your heart beating. I made up my mind then, Polly, that I was not too old, and that I might be happy again."

"And are you happy, Sam, dear?"

I don't think Polly heard Sam's answer very clearly; but she seemed quite to understand that he was.

What we are made of.

The following is from an article by Dr. O. W. Holmes.

If the reader of this paper lives another year, his self-consious principal will have migrated from its present tenement to another, the new materials of which have not been put together. A portion of the body which is to be, will ripen in the corn of the next harvest. Another portion of his future person he will purchase or others will purchase for him headed up in the form of a certain barrels of potatoes. A third fraction is yet to be gathered in the Southern rice fields. The limbs with which he is then to walk will be clad with the flesh borrowed from the tenants of many stalls and pastures now unconscious of their doom. The organs of speech, with which he asks so wisely, and speaks so eloquently, or speaks effectively, must serve his humble brethren to bleat, and to bellow, and all the varied utterance of feathered or barnyard life. His bones themselves are, to a great extent, in posse and not in esse. A bag of phosphate of lime, which he has ordered for his grounds, contains a large part of what is to be his skeleton. And more than all this, by far the greater part of his body is nothing at all but water; the main substance of his scattered members is to be looked for in the reservoir, the running stream, at the bottom of the well, in the clouds that float over his head, or diffused among them all.

☞ The proprietor of a cotton factor put this notice on his gate; "No cigars or good looking men admitted." In exlpanation he said: "The one will set a flame a-going among my cotton, and the other among my girls. I won't admit such dangerous things into my establishment. The risk is too great."

The Ocean Bottom.

Mr. Green the famous diver, gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Bank," near Hayti:—the banks of coral on which my divings were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in hight, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of these more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving reality to the other places. The pendants form arch after arch, and, as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through in the deep winding avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had long been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, and shrubs, and plants in every crevice of the corals where water had deposited the earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors; and the most brilliant hue. The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sun fish; from the dullest hue to the changeable-dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs, some of small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move. The sun fish, star fish, white shark and blue or shovel-nose shark were often seen. There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose when in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon fish from four or five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog. Another fish is spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of green turtle, some five feet long which would weigh from 400 to 600 pounds.

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